

GEORGE MANSON

AND HIS WORKS

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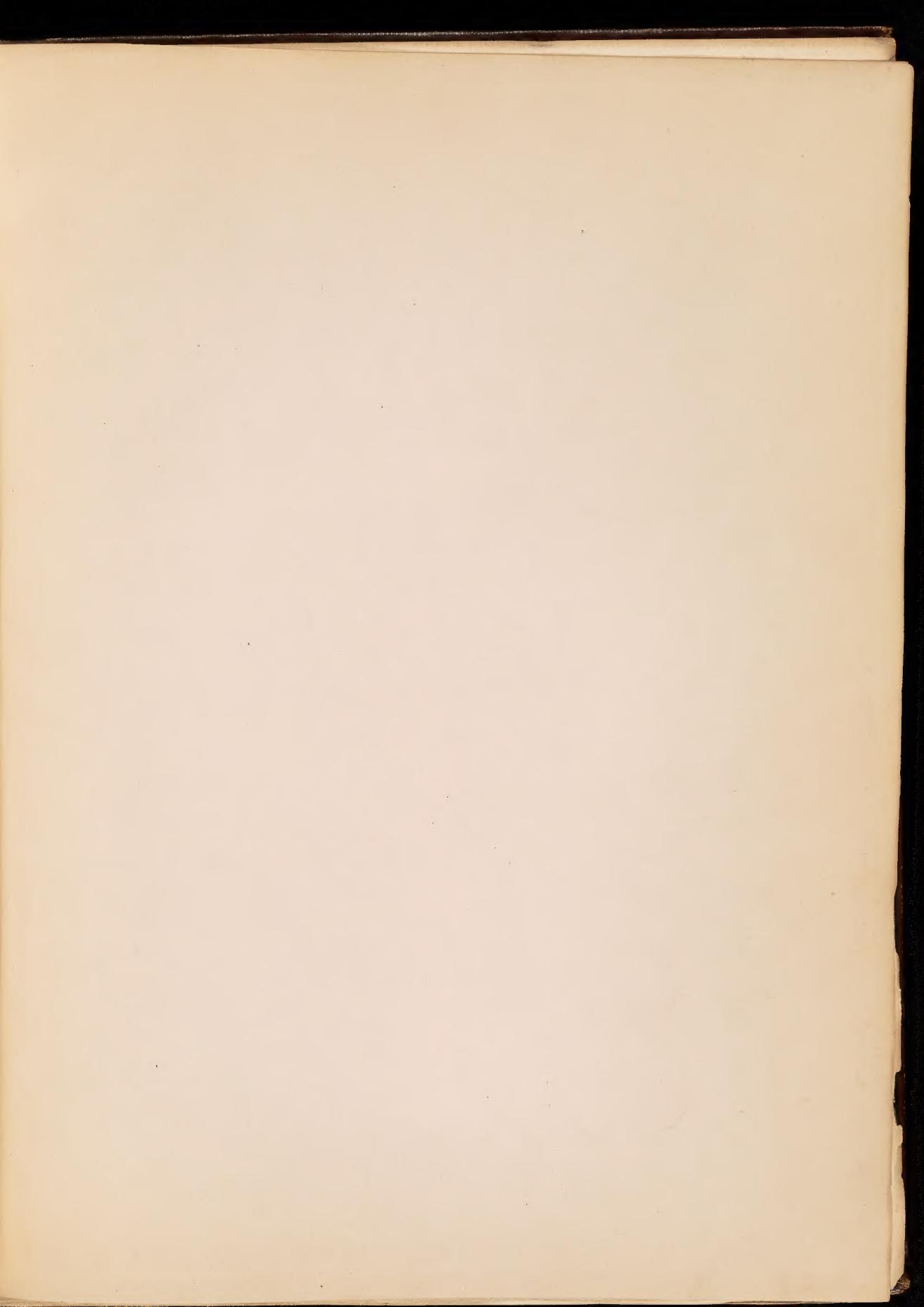
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Yours sincerely
G. Madison



Charles Mathew,
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GEORGE MANSON

AND HIS WORKS

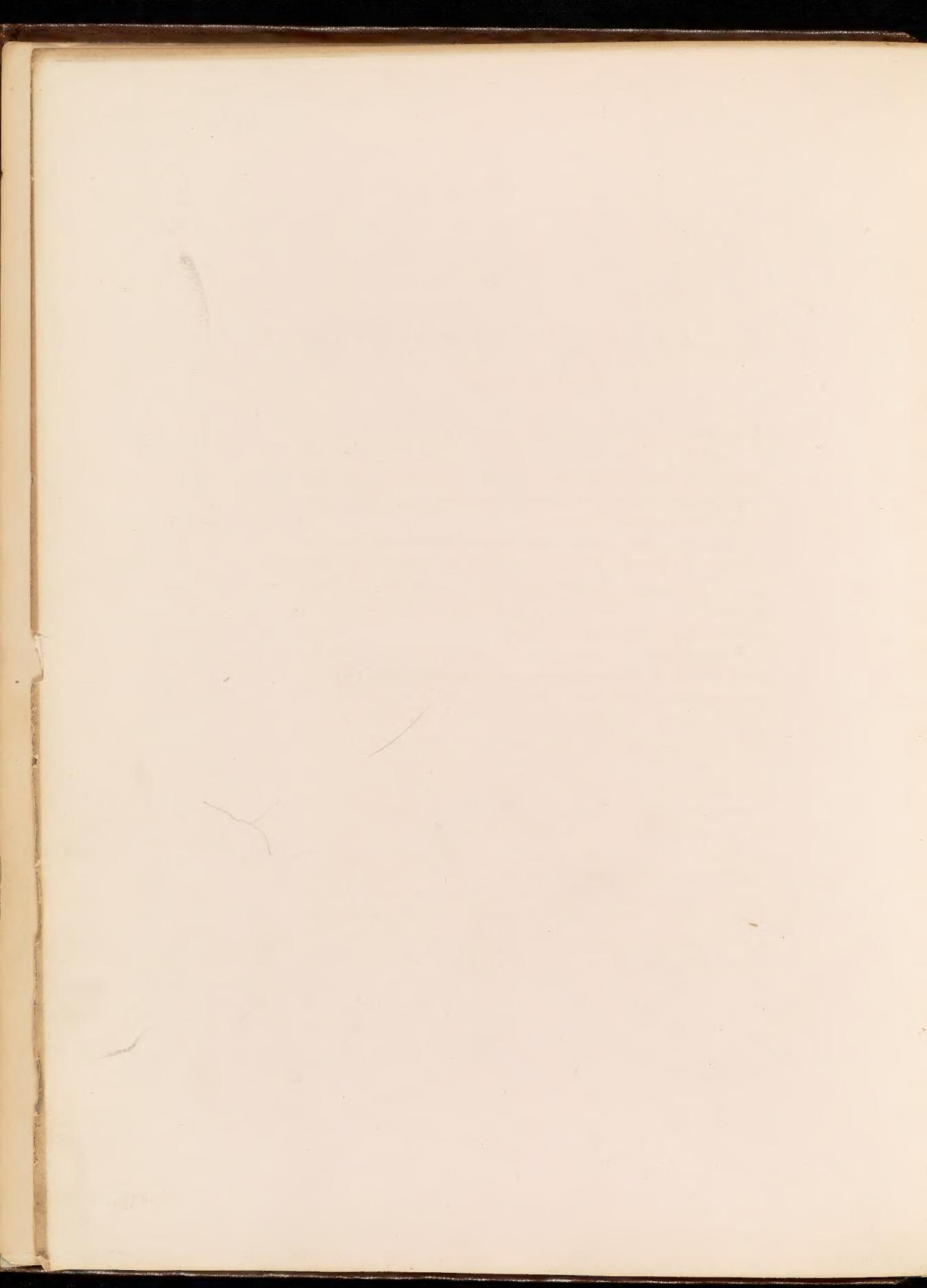
*BEING A SERIES OF PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM HIS PICTURES AND SKETCHES*

With a Biographical and Critical Sketch

BY

JOHN M. GRAY

EDINBURGH—MDCCCLXXX



P R E F A C E.

THE idea of a Memorial to GEORGE MANSON originated shortly after his death in the spring of 1876. It was then proposed that the Memorial should take the usual form of a Monumental Stone. Some delay having occurred, it was found, when the proposal was submitted to his friends, that they had already paid this tribute of respect to his memory.

It was not till about eighteen months afterwards that it was suggested that something in the form of a Memorial Volume might be attempted, which would have the double advantage of perpetuating his memory, and of preserving to those interested in Art a permanent record of some of the most delicate and lovely work which our Modern Scottish School has produced.

Naturally it was not without considerable diffidence that such a work was entered on. Were we not placing too high an estimate on the work of our friend? Was it judicious to publish, in such a form, the works of one so young and comparatively unknown? Such were the questions we had to consider. On the other hand, we were encouraged by the warm support of many friends on whose judgment we relied, and of many of the leading Scottish Artists whose names appear in our List of Subscribers. The Art of George Manson, it seemed, had, during his short working life, awakened no ordinary degree of interest, and a far greater number than we had anticipated were prepared to welcome some such Memorial as we proposed. This, added to our own conviction of the importance of preserving to Scottish Art and Art-Students an influence so pure and healthy, led us to persevere in our undertaking: for the work of Manson we consider eminently calculated to exert a healthy influence by reason of its tender and sympathetic nature, the absence of anything coarse or affected either in sentiment or execution, and, above all, because in concerning itself chiefly, while health

permitted, with the life and surroundings with which from childhood he had been familiar, it fulfils one of the noblest functions of Art; there is in it not a little of that national element which characterises so much of the best Art of modern times—that of Millet and Breton in France, of Israels in Holland, of Walker, Mason, and Hook in England, and in which our own school has not been deficient, as witness the landscape and historical works of the late Sir George Harvey, and the *genre* pieces of M'Taggart and Cameron. Is there not a danger of this precious element being lost sight of in these days of centralisation?

Having resolved to undertake the production of the Volume, we applied to collectors who were in possession of Manson's works, and, upwards of seventy pictures being brought together, they were exhibited for a few days, at 61 Great King Street, to those interested in the undertaking. We had thus the fullest opportunity of selecting those most suitable for reproduction.

The difficulties incident to the photographing of works in colour have been successfully overcome by the skill and perseverance of Messrs. Doig, M'Kechnie, and Davies. The nature of these difficulties will be better appreciated when we mention that it was found absolutely impossible to get anything like satisfactory reproductions of some of the finest works placed at our disposal. With great regret we had to give up such pictures as *The Missal*, the property of Mr. Charles Muirhead; *The Companions*, the property of Mr. J. Auldjo Jamieson; *Head of a Gipsy Woman*, the property of Mr. W. C. Murray, W.S.; *Reading the News*, the property of Mr. Samuel Raleigh; *Portrait of Mr. Black*, his own property; and the portrait of the artist as a Sark Fisherman, in the possession of the representatives of the late Mr. James Cassie, R.S.A., which we had intended to give in place of the likeness prefixed to the Volume.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. J. M. Gray for undertaking the literary part of the volume, and for much other assistance in connection with the work. Although he was not personally acquainted with George Manson, his portrayal of the character of our friend is marked by a delicacy and truth which must vividly recall him to his old associates.

Our warmest thanks are due to the owners of the pictures selected for reproduction, whose names appear in the index, and not less to the following, who kindly placed specimens of the Artist's work at our disposal:—Miss Bell, Mrs. Deveneau, Miss Auldjo Jamieson, Messrs. J. Adam, A. Ballantyne, William and David Bertram, David Black, Dr. Cadell, J. Carnegie, W. R. Clapperton, J. M. Gow, J. T. Hay, Otto Leyde, A.R.S.A., W. Bowman Macleod, Samuel Raleigh, John Smart, R.S.A., J. Irvine Smith, and J. Whitelaw.

For biographical particulars, use of letters, and other assistance, we are indebted to Mr. and Miss Manson, Mrs. Deveneau, Messrs. Craibe Angus, William, David, and John Bertram, John Blair, J. A. Gray, J. Kesson, A. C. Loffelt, R. F. de M. Mouat, D. Murray, T. Murray, Rev. R. Nimmo Smith, and D. Storlar.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Chambers, we are enabled to give several specimens of the wood engravings done by Manson while in their establishment.

Mr. J. R. Pairman has been so kind as to engrave, expressly for the work, a design drawn upon the wood by the Artist, and has also furnished us with valuable biographical particulars; and we are under obligation to Mr. W. S. Black for the graceful design and initial letter which are given at the beginning of the Memoir.

In conclusion, we have to express our great satisfaction with the excellent and tasteful way in which the volume has been printed by Messrs. T. and A. Constable, and bound under their superintendence.

The edition is strictly limited to 400 copies (six on large paper), of which this is No. 234. Twelve copies of the Memoir alone have been printed for presentation to the literary friends of the Author.

W. D. M'KAY, A.R.S.A.
PATRICK W ADAM.

20 PICARDY PLACE,
EDINBURGH, December 1879.





GEORGE MANSON.

I.

THERE are chapters of art-biography that read like a brilliant romance. As we turn the pages of Vasari, as we follow the career of Cellini, of Goya, of Regnault, one clear personality after another disengages itself from the darkness of the past, and becomes real to us for a moment. Some of the lives are vividly dramatic, filled with strange adventures and tragic loves; some flow on like a quiet river, with gaining breadth and gathered strength of current, through their course of eighty or ninety years, each period of the prolonged existence made illustrious by splendid achievement. In the simple and unfulfilled history which we have now to record, there are no such stirring incidents, no such prosperous length of days: it is a tale of earnest labour, tender lovely production, and early death.

George Manson was born in Edinburgh on the 3rd of December 1850. While he was still young, his father removed to a southern suburb of the city, and it was here that the greater part of his childhood and boyhood was passed. Of this period there is little to record. Showing as yet no symptoms of the delicacy of constitution which afterwards developed itself, he seems to have led the life of an ordinary healthy Scotch boy; already distinguished, as all who knew him testify, by that determination and strength of will which was so characteristic of his manhood; entering heartily into the athletic sports of his companions, and

not disinclined, as we have heard it whispered, for an occasional pugilistic encounter, especially when he could act the champion to some weaker school-fellow. The love of nature—vaguely realised by schoolboys, and felt mainly as a love of space, and freedom, and breezy sunshine—was fostered in many a scamper and scramble on the grassy slopes of Arthur's Seat and among the rocks of Salisbury Crags, which lay in happy proximity to his father's house; and on summer holidays there were longer walks to visit the pastoral solitudes of the Pentland Hills, or Hawthornden, with its wooded paths and classic stream. We all remember such excursions and their pleasantness, when the world was so fresh, and new, and wonderful, and we were fresh to meet it, and there were endless possibilities of delight and discovery in every fir-wood and every mossy bank.

A school friend gives us some graphic glimpses of him at a time when he would be about twelve or thirteen years of age: 'He appeared, one summer evening, among a group of us boys, having a small tin pitcher in his hand filled with "*puddocks*." He was on his way back to Duddingston Loch, where he had been puddock-fishing during the day. He had caught too many, and was intending to return the surplus to their native place. We boys had a desire to despatch the creatures on the spot; and, carrying out our intentions, "did for" one, much to George's grief. He had previously asked some of us to accompany him, and as none of the others would do so, it being too late, I at the last moment offered to go with him. On the way he initiated me into the mysteries of aquarium-keeping; and, as I sympathised with his tastes, we naturally became companions from that day. Every holiday we had in summer we were together fishing for minnows and other creatures in Dunsapie and Duddingston. George's aquarium was a great success.' We may quote another anecdote which illustrates in a striking way the boy's fearlessness and faith. 'On one occasion his father had been telling us that, although we should be scalded at once by the steam from a tea-kettle, yet we might stand with impunity on the boiler of a steam-engine, lift the safety-valve, and allow the steam to rush about us. Some of us being dubious, he said further, that if a bar of iron was made really red-hot, one might lick it without injury. None of us had heard of this before, and none of us cared to make the experiment, except George,

' who heated the poker, and, to our astonishment, licked it three times without being burned.'

During his school-days he showed considerable aptitude for using his hands dexterously and skilfully. The elements of mechanics were taught at school, he had facilities for metal-working in the establishment where his father was employed, and along with his two chief friends, James Young and William Bertram, he spent his spare evenings in constructing pieces of machinery,—among the rest, models of a horizontal steam-engine and of a deep-sea sounding apparatus. We have seen a water-mill which he made at this time. It is fashioned with much care and ingenuity, part fitted to part with extreme precision, and the whole finished in a way that would do credit to an experienced workman.

It was natural that young Manson should early begin to use the pencil; he inherited a love for art from his father, himself an amateur painter and much interested in all art-processes, and the implements of the craft lay ready to his hand at home. He did not attend the drawing-class at school, but hand and eye received some training from the occasional practice of illumination and ornamental printing; and his father quietly encouraged his artistic attempts, sending him and his sister to Princes Street Gardens or the Meadows, telling them to sketch a tree, and bring it to him with the name written beneath.

On leaving school, he worked for a few months with a punch-cutter, making the steel dies used in the production of printers' types; but he soon left this employment, and in May 1866 he was apprenticed as a wood-engraver with Messrs. W. & R. Chambers. Mr. Pairman, the head of the department, speaks warmly of the diligence and skill of his young pupil. Having acquired the rudiments of the art, he was occupied with the usual routine work of the office, engraving illustrations for the dictionaries, encyclopædias, and other publications of the firm. During the later years of his apprenticeship he designed, drew, and engraved a series of tail-pieces for the edition of the *Miscellany* then in preparation. Through the kindness of Messrs. Chambers, we are enabled to give, at page 26 of our illustrations, six examples of these woodcuts.

Manson's style of engraving was singularly direct and artistic; it aimed to give to each line the utmost value and meaning, and dealt little in the delicate and laborious cross-hatching so characteristic of modern

woodcuts. Mr. Pairman says that 'George had very strong ideas as to the proper province of the art of wood-engraving. He held that it had advantages in the way of simplicity in the production of effect of light and shade, which were wilfully thrown away when any attempt was made to imitate the execution of a steel engraving, as is too often the case. He made no effort to show meretricious skill in mere mechanical dexterity, but followed Bewick, whom he greatly admired, in producing the required effect by the simplest possible means, and in taking full advantage of the power of black, which the surface of a wood block gives, by working *from the solid black into the white*, instead of from the white into grey by means of a multiplicity of lines.'

In 1870 he competed for the prize offered by the then existing Edinburgh Society of Engravers on Wood to the apprentices in the profession. The competitors all engraved the same landscape subject, the drawings on the block, which were provided for them, being finished with the pencil point in the usual way to indicate texture, foliage, etc. Manson, unlike the others, entirely ignored these pencillings; and, following his own ideas, produced the effect of the drawing by means of simple lines, all running in one direction across the block, the light and shade being preserved by the varying breadth of the lines. The engraving was executed with such originality and fine sense of atmosphere, that Mr. W. L. Thomas of London, who was the judge—while unable to award the first prize for anything so unlike the conventional method of engraving—sent Manson a special prize from himself, to mark his "admiration of the engraver's artistic feeling in landscape." An impression of this woodcut is given on the final page of our illustrations. The figure-subject on the same page was left by Manson drawn upon the wood. It has been skilfully engraved by Mr. Pairman, and placed at our disposal as a tribute to the memory of his valued friend and pupil.

As showing the care and conscientiousness of the young artist's way of work, it may be mentioned that, even in his smallest wood-cut vignettes, all the figures were studied from the living model, and the landscapes direct from actual nature.

With the view of improving his drawing, he attended, during his apprenticeship, the evening classes of the School of Art on the Mound; and, during the day, he would occasionally obtain leave of absence from

the office for an hour or so, which he spent in diligent study in the National Gallery, sometimes copying a picture three times before he could satisfy himself.

A little water-colour portrait by his own hand gives us an idea of his personal appearance about this time. The head is relieved against a dark back-ground; rich, warm, reddish hair sweeps across the square forehead, which, large in proportion to the size of the head, seems to weigh down the face with its firm-set mouth and blue-grey eyes veiled by the drooping lids.

Those who then knew him best describe him as gentler and more diffident in manner than during his boyish days, but full of inflexible determination and self-reliance, and with a singular care for justice both in word and deed. He was quiet, and, as we can well believe, usually somewhat silent in company, little given to let his enthusiasm evaporate in words, storing it all within to become a strong central fire and steady motive force to aid him in the accomplishment of actual work; only by his dropped voice and altered tone would you know when he was deeply moved. He had no need for many words in the presence of a splendid landscape or a gorgeous sunset, nature having gifted him with the power of expressing his sense of her loveliness in the more precise and abiding language of lines and colours. He had the virtues of his nationality, plenty of Scotch perseverance, pertinacity, frugality; and a rich fund of humour also, which appears so naturally and freely in his correspondence. And, crowning this broad and strong foundation of his character, were the finer and more delicate artistic graces of mind and physical frame,—a quick sense for the beautiful, a keen observant eye, a memory retentive for the things of sight, a hand fit to record them, and that mobility of mood and spirit which we always find in a sensitive highly-strung temperament. Mingled with all was a spice of poetry and romance, and even touches of the lighter and more fanciful kinds of sentiment. May-day he seems to have kept as a kind of festival, and on the 22nd of April 1869, the anniversary of Wordsworth's death, we find noted in his diary that he 'went out to paint the lesser celandine, the poet's favourite flower.' Quiet and undemonstrative as he was, there was something singularly fascinating about him, an indefinable power of attracting to himself those with whom he came into contact, of making himself 'a beautiful acquisition to their existence.'

Few of his early companions lost sight of him in after-life; one of them writes me, 'He was the best friend I ever had.'

His love for nature was real and intense, something more than professional. We have already seen him, during his school-days, collecting natural history specimens for his aquarium. He had picked up in an unscientific, but most practically useful way, a considerable knowledge of botany, and in his country walks would astonish his friends with his curious information about the wayside flowers and their insect tenantry. Scattered through his note-books are numerous jottings regarding facts of nature which had only a remote bearing upon his art. In birds and bird-life he was specially interested;—friends remember the wing which he used to keep over the mantel-piece of his painting-room;—among his papers we find memoranda of the colours of their plumage, of their nests and eggs, even of their cries; and he mentions witnessing in September 1869 the autumn flight of swallows at Duddingston, 'long-wished-for event' he calls it, stating that he had unsuccessfully watched for it on two previous years, and giving a minute description of the motions of the winged emigrants. Often, while sketching in the open-air, field-mice and other shy living things would emerge from their hiding-places and gambol without restraint beside him, for he had the power, noted by Emerson as possessed in no ordinary degree by Thoreau, of remaining quiet and motionless in the midst of nature, of allowing all her 'numberless ongoings of life' to proceed before him undisturbed by his human presence. Like him, Manson 'knew how to sit immovable,—a part of 'the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had 'retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, nay, moved 'by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.'

Those years during which he worked with Messrs. Chambers were a time of earnest effort in other than purely professional directions. His knowledge of books was tolerably wide and varied, thanks greatly to a pleasant custom which prevailed in the office, of one of the apprentices occasionally in the afternoons reading aloud to the rest as they worked. In this and other ways he went through the whole of Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, and made acquaintance with the works of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Scott, Tennyson, and Keats among the poets. The

charming autobiography of Bewick the wood-engraver was always a special favourite. 'When sort of dreamy-ways,' he says in one of his letters, 'I like to turn to Bewick, and read again his simple descriptions of life on the banks of the Tyne in days gone by. I have it with me now.' But his main study was the works of Ruskin. When he was about nine or ten his father had the *Modern Painters* lying by him, and it was then that the boy made his first acquaintance with the volumes, admiring their illustrations, and asking questions about the authority of their dicta in art matters. During the earlier years of his apprenticeship he began to study them earnestly, along with the other works of the author;—borrowing the books from friends, or reading them, in spare half-hours, in the Advocates' Library. As his father says, 'Ruskin was his real art-master,'—communicating to his pupil the force and fervour of his own enthusiasm; teaching him to study nature with deepest reverence, and depict her with minutest care; leading him to choose the subjects of his art from the homely things which lay around him, and which his own eyes had seen. Extracts from the writings of 'The Graduate of Oxford' occupy far the most space in Manson's note-books, where they lie in odd confusion among the most miscellaneous memoranda,—scraps of poetry, fragmentary diaries (begun on the first day of a tour, and abruptly terminated on the second, after the way of most diaries), quaint inscriptions copied from old grave-stones and ruined gateways, rapidly-pencilled sketches of street scenes and natural effects, and weighty sentences from the wisdom of the ancients, which the grave youth had recorded for his conduct of life. *The Elements of Drawing* he mastered thoroughly, working with the utmost care through all the exercises, and making from nature many drawings in sepia of twigs and leafage of beech and oak, in the style of 'The Dryad's Labour' and 'The Dryad's Crown' in the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*. By all these tender studies of leaves and branches he was quietly and patiently training his hand to be subtle and delicate, fit to trace the yet finer gradations which make the beauty and the pathos of human faces in the dimples of childhood and the furrows of age.

One other means of culture remains to be mentioned,—'The Craigmillar Sketching Association,' a little club formed by a few young artists and amateurs. Meetings were held alternately for sketching from the model, and for reading papers on subjects connected with art; and each

member was expected to contribute at least one original sketch monthly, the various drawings being bound together and circulated, interleaved with blank paper for criticisms. To this magazine Manson was a valued contributor; we have traced in the index some forty sketches by his hand. Of these a considerable number, now in the possession of Dr. Sidey, are studies of old Edinburgh buildings,¹ in which he was greatly interested, caring, no doubt, mainly for their pictorial possibilities of varied line and colour, but touched too by the poetic charm of their association with the past.

During this period he resided first in North Richmond Street and then in Prospect Place. Each day, on his way to work, he passed through our historic High Street; the quaint turrets and steep gables of the Old Town met his eye at every turn, with their memories of a vanished time, standing forth picturesque in shadow and sunshine, or black and mysterious against the sky of night and the passing of white moon-lit clouds. Year by year the antique buildings were being demolished and replaced by the flat monotony of modern structures. He was filled with a strong desire to preserve some memorial of their existence and aspect, and was never weary of urging the other members of The Craigmillar Association to co-operate in 'this religious work,' as he calls it in one of his letters. Years after, when he visited France, he was powerfully fascinated by the weird etchings of Méryon, recognising in the *Stryge* and the *Morgue*, and the master's other transcripts of old Paris, a fuller and more tragic measure of that same spirit of reverence for the past and its environment which had prompted him to record, as he could, the historic stones of his own native city.

Among the works in colour executed during the days of his apprenticeship, is the *Study of a Doorway at Craigmillar Castle*, his first exhibited picture, which figured in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition of 1869, where it was followed in the succeeding year by *Milking Time*,² and in 1872 by *Children at a Well*,³ and *The College Wynd*. They are in water-colour, the medium to which the artist adhered throughout life in all his important and exhibited work. The byre and the well-scene are the most notable. The former, painted near Craigmillar, Manson would often say,

¹ Photographs Nos. 12 and 13 are examples of this series.

² Photograph No. 2.

³ Photograph No. 3.

was one of the very best things he ever did ; certainly, with its sweet colouring, its quiet gradation and transparency, and in its absence of all vulgar and violent emphasis, it is a most remarkable production for a lad of eighteen or nineteen. It was purchased by the late Mr. James Cassie, R.S.A., one of the earliest and most helpful of the artist's patrons. To complete the list of important works done 'in the intervals of business,' we must name two other water-colours, the *High School Wynd*,¹ under morning effect, and *A Cottage Door*,² with its delicately stippled finish, and singular purity both of feeling and execution.

Manson's devotion to his art was unwearied and unceasing. To it, sleep, rest, meal-times, all were subordinate. One of his water-colours, contributed to the magazine of The Craigmillar Association, is marked 'Study by Firelight—Morning of March 29, 1870'; and a chance entry in one of his note-books is significant :—'Took a walk to Prestonfield this morning, but *not early—after six*.' An artist friend tells us that he had risen one day in May at about five o'clock, and was walking down the High Street, on his way to sketch some picturesque old close or court, when he met Manson, who asked where he was going. 'To make a drawing in the Canongate,' was the reply. 'Ah,' said the other, in his quiet way, 'I've just finished mine,' adding that he had been home with his painting materials, and was now on his way to have a plunge in the salt water before beginning his day's work of wood-engraving. During his apprenticeship he did most of his sketching from nature in the early morning. Mr. Pairman mentions a series of water-colour studies of skies which he made in this way, in company with a friend who had caught some of his own enthusiasm. 'For this purpose they had many a weary walk before day-light, often enough in cold and frosty weather. . . . On one occasion, 'while making a study of the sky, just before sunrise, from the park at the foot of Blackford Hill, they found that from some mysterious cause their sketches "wouldn't work." More minute examination disclosed the fact that both colour-box and picture were frozen quite hard.' While the Craigmillar subjects were in progress, Manson would rise at three o'clock, walk more than a couple of miles to his sketching-ground, paint for several hours, and then—often without any thought of breakfast—hasten to the establishment of the Messrs. Chambers, where he was occupied from nine

¹ Photograph No. II.

² Photograph No. I.

till six. There is little doubt that his excessive application during this period enfeebled his constitution, and laid the seeds of the disease which caused his sadly premature death. But at all times he was too regardless of his health. After his connection with the Messrs. Chambers had ceased and he was a professional painter, he seems to have considered nine or ten hours of almost continuous painting in the open air rather a moderate day's work ; and, even when exceedingly delicate, he would sketch among the snow, or in a fireless room, totally oblivious of his surroundings. When remonstrated with, he would reply quietly, 'Life is short, art is long ;' and the saying meant more to him than the quoted commonplace which it sounds to most of us.

His few holidays during the year, and his scant fortnight of summer leisure, were occupied in painting in the country ; and in 1870 he visited London, spending much of his time in study in the National Gallery and other public collections.

In August 1871, when he had been over five years with the Messrs. Chambers, he applied to have the indentures of his apprenticeship cancelled. The impetus towards original design and work in colour had become overwhelming, and he was desirous of devoting his whole time to painting. The request was granted, and he was set free to follow his natural bent. He now continued his attendance at the School of Art, where he had reached the class for Study from the Antique. He had previously carried off various prizes in the Outline and Elementary Classes ; in 1872 he gained a Free Studentship year of Instruction, and the National Competition silver medal for a group of still-life in water-colour.

His letters of this period give us pleasant glimpses of artistic companionships and merry-makings, and record much kindly encouragement received from the Edinburgh painters,—among the rest, from the President of the Scottish Academy, the late Sir George Harvey.¹ The main subjects of Manson's art, street-scenes and street figures, lay at his door, but he made frequent visits to the country, lingering beside the Gothic arches of Melrose and the grey walls of Smailholm, sketching in East Lothian with his friend, Mr. W. D. M'Kay, and studying his old *Fisherwoman*²

¹ Manson's little pencil-sketch of Harvey,—full of verve, and unmistakable to all who remember the figure of its subject, is reproduced at page 22 of our illustrations.

² Photograph No. 8.

at Port Seton. To Tweedside, a district familiar from childhood, he was always strongly attracted. He spoke fondly of its common scenes, as he never did of the wilder grandeur of Highland mountains, and would return from foreign travel, saying, 'After all, we have seen nothing finer than our own south-country hills.' The special spirit of border landscape, with its air of 'pastoral melancholy' and pensive impressiveness wrought so quietly out of materials so simple—grassy hills, clear water, blue sky—finds its very analogue and reflection in the sentiment of his figure-subjects.

He first visited the Continent in May 1873, in company, during most of the time, with Mr. W. D. M'Kay. They were abroad altogether about two months, passing through Normandy, staying several days in Rouen, Lisieux, and Paris, and then travelling through the picturesque towns of Belgium into Holland. In Paris, Manson spent several days in the study of the old masters at the Louvre, being specially interested in the works of Giorgione; and Bruges and Ghent were included in the tour, mainly that he might examine the paintings of Memling and Van Eyck. At the Hague he visited M. Josef Israels, whose productions he knew and valued; but his longest stay was at Dordrecht, where he was greatly pleased with the little coterie of cultivated Dutch gentlemen—English-speaking, art- and music-loving—into which he was received. 'You see,' he writes, 'I have nearly forgotten my Scotch already,—reminded, however, by frequent quotations of Burns and our poets by several of the Dutchmen, ardent admirers of "Schottland." Who would have expected to find, in the corners of the globe, heather from Ben Nevis, *souvenirs* from all parts of our country, and the old parts of Edinburgh? Think of a society here that meets to converse in the English tongue, the members of which see the *London News*, *Punch*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with whom the works of Shakespeare are familiar as household words, and even those of obscurer English authors not unknown, my old friend Ruskin not excepted.' Mr. M'Kay gives us some interesting particulars of his way of work, observed during this tour. 'He did not attempt much rapid sketching in colour, but was fonder of sitting down to a subject day after day, and letting it grow on him. Generally he drew his subject carefully with pencil; this is sometimes very elaborately done, especially in architectural bits. Occasionally the pencil lines tell

'through the colour, and assist in the expression of details. . . . Before commencing a subject he would spend much time in arranging and composing it to the best advantage, rarely attempting a topographical rendering of the scene before him. As indicating his innate sense of composition, I may mention a habit he had of paring down the photographs he bought of the various foreign towns we passed through. He would cut a small portion first from one side of the photograph, then from the other, in the attempt to get the scene to balance or compose better,—to make a picture in fact,—generally without success however, as may be supposed. He was constantly at work with his pencil, which he used with singular ease and dexterity.'

A valuable portfolio of these pencil drawings¹ is now in the possession of Mr. Manson, senior. In them and the artist's other point-work in black and white we see, even more clearly than in his water-colours, the decision and certainty of his touch, his power of abstraction, of expressing much with a few lines. Very noticeable in this way, and as showing the draftsman's sense of construction, is a sketch of St. Jacques, Lisieux, the picturesque intricacies of the foreground street followed in detail, and rendered with firm dark pencil-strokes, and beyond, the old church in pale outline, yet conveying the utmost impression of enduring strength in the great buttresses and firm-set square tower which dominate over the humbler roofs. Of his observation of character we have evidence in the studies of country-folk, sketched as chance had grouped them in the street; and there is fine poetic feeling in two evening scenes, one among the poplared banks of the Seine, the other a distant view of Rouen Cathedral. Among the finished works which owe their existence to this tour are *The Dutch Baby*² and *Devotion*,³ both exceedingly fine in colour.

It was about this time that he executed the delicate drawing of *The Bait-Gatherer*,⁴ contributed to the Album of Drawings by Scottish Artists presented as a marriage-present to the Duchess of Edinburgh, and such of the finest subjects in his earlier manner as *The Fountain Well*,⁵ *The Egg-Girl*, *The Missal*, and *What is it?*⁶ The whole year

¹ The drawings given in our Photographs Nos. 16, 18, and 21, were produced during this tour.

² Photograph No. 4.

³ Photograph No. 5.

⁴ A reduced photograph from a rough pen sketch of this subject is given at page 22.

⁵ Photograph No. 9.

⁶ Photograph No. 7.

was a singularly productive one: it was his last year of unbroken health.

Already symptoms of disorder had manifested themselves in nervous restlessness and want of sleep; then came severe colds and delicacy of the lungs. Early in 1874 his doctor ordered him to the south,—to the Channel Islands,—and from this time till the very end, his life is always something of a swallow's flight in search of warmth and sunshine.

The months spent in Sark seem to have been a happy time, the milder physical surroundings counting for much, the fresh sea-breezes doing their healthful work, and the beauty embosomed in the little rock-girt island charming the painter's artistic sense. His letters are bright and hopeful, pleasantly annotated with charming little sketches of the place and its picturesque inhabitants. 'My first notion was that I had a rather blue look-out; but the first half-hour in Sark soon dispelled that foreboding. I find the place, after a month's sojourn, simply all that I could wish. The "blue look-out" is a beautiful blue,—a lovely sea and sky,—the spring not far advanced as regards the foliage of the trees, but the "starry firmament" of earth already shining in full glory,—primroses, hyacinth, sea-pink, celandine, splendid in the sunshine.' He records his determination to 'live carelessly and well.' 'I squat down on the grassy slopes, among the sweet-smelling whins, and overlook the valley below, where there are fruit-trees in blossom and lovely sky overhead. I enjoy this to the full, without permitting one anxious thought to disturb the loveliness of the scene.' During part of his stay he was the only stranger on the island, and he seems thoroughly to have won the confidence and friendship of the homely natives. In the evening there were pleasant musical parties, and French lessons from the schoolmaster of D'Ixcart Bay, with whom he stayed. By-and-by, as his strength returned, he began to cultivate the fishermen, spending hours with them at sea learning the use of the oar; and he writes that he had been made sponsor to one of their boats, naming it 'The Blue Bell of Scotland.'

Among the works painted at this time are the head of *A Fisher Boy*, *The Smuggler* seated in a cave, and his own portrait in fisher costume of blue jersey and fur cap. Nearly all deal with the sea and seafaring life, in which he had always a strong interest, priding himself, when a boy, on his

descent from a race of Shetland sailors. His own likeness is one of his finest portrait subjects, remarkable for its admirable rendering of sun-browned flesh. It shows the same firm compression of mouth and brow which may be noted in the earlier portrait, but the face is raised in more confident fashion fronting the world, the blue eyes widely receptive of its sights.

On his return from Sark he travelled through Warwickshire, residing some time at Kenilworth, made a Highland tour with his friends Mr. John and Mr. Andrew Bertram, and then settled to work, partly at Edinburgh, partly in the neighbourhood of Galashiels.

In January 1875 he visited Paris and St. Lo in company with Mr. P. W. Adam. At the time he was exceedingly delicate, and the journey was undertaken, by both travellers, less for artistic reasons than for rest and change of scene. While in Paris, Manson, ever eager for culture, attended a life-class, and commenced the practice of etching, receiving technical hints and biting his first plate at the establishment of M. Cadart. Altogether, he executed some dozen etchings, and of these a few copies were printed and sold after his death. The finest is a study from the nude, etched from one of the life-class drawings made in Paris, the modelling of the figure singularly thorough and tender considering the very simple lining with which it is expressed. His power of point-drawing, which we have noticed in speaking of his pencil sketches, stood him in good stead in the practice of etching, and the plates which he produced, while obviously those of a student rather than a master of the art, are sufficient to show that he would have attained distinction as an aquafortist, if he had thrown his full strength into the process, and overcome its technicalities. At St. Lo he painted the distant view of the city¹ which we have photographed, a work never quite finished, for while sketching a snow scene he caught cold, and was prostrated for weeks by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. On his recovery and return from France in April, he settled at Shirley, near Croydon, there studying the Surrey gipsies, producing the *Girl with a Donkey*,² one of the most powerful and thoroughly mature of his works, and the fine head of an old woman, now in the possession of Mr. W. Campbell

¹ Photograph No. 14.

² In the possession of J. Auldjo Jamieson, Esq.

Murray, W.S.; and turning aside from these sun-browned fearless children of nature to paint the flaxen hair and fair startled face of his little English maiden at *The Haunted Well*,¹ a subject which had been begun in Sark.

In these pictures a change of style becomes apparent, a change towards a broader method of brushwork, of which first symptoms are visible in his Sark subjects. In his earlier drawings we see the artist feeling after truth and delicacy of texture with faint repeated washes and minute stipplings, always thoroughly artistic, because never mechanical or a mere trick of hand, but always perceptive of quality in the thing represented. He now attains a more masculine decision of touch; form is rendered with a full brush, as in oil-painting, in which he made some first experiments about this period. It is evident that Manson was meditating the production of more important works than had yet occupied him, and his correspondence indicates the subjects of the proposed pictures. In a letter to Mr. Young he says, 'I feel more and more interested in 'Scotch songs, and the people and scenes with which they deal'; and in December 1874 he writes Mr. W. Craibe Angus: 'Next season I intend, 'health and everything considered, to occupy myself with a *Scotch* subject 'or two, something illustrative of Burns or other of our poets, and more 'ambitious in scale than my usual efforts.' But he had never sufficient strength fully to realise these plans. He was only able to paint, in partial fulfilment of his intention, a small study for a scene from *The Gentle Shepherd* of Allan Ramsay, a poet whom he greatly admired, and his Surrey subject of *The Gipsy Encampment*.² The latter is twice the size of the largest of his other drawings. Though it shows traces of the artist's physical weakness, it is most interesting as an example of his water-colour work on a large scale, and as indicating what would have been the probable character of his future productions.

But his health was now finally broken; it was evident to all but himself that he had not long to live. In September 1875 he made his last journey—to Lympstone in Devonshire—accompanied by his elder sister. In his letters to Mr. Young—the last dictated in whispers to his companion as he lay on a sofa in utter exhaustion—we trace, only too clearly and vividly,

¹ In the possession of Captain Lodder, Edinburgh.

² In the possession of Captain Lodder, Edinburgh.

the history of these sad last months. He was slowly dying all the while. The long sketching expedition was exchanged for a short walk in the afternoon sunshine, and then the outer world, which had become so beautiful to him, was watched only from the windows of a sick-room. Even now, when the gathering shadows and the lessening light might have warned him that the time for rest had come, he was still faithful to his work, that one kind of fidelity and heroism which is possible to so many of us. Though growing lassitude and weakness made exertion of any sort a kind of pain, he was yet busy with his art; occupying himself mainly with etching, biting his coppers, printing trial proofs at his little press, and interesting himself about the details of paper and wrapper to be used for a selection of the plates which he intended to publish. At length, when he found that further labour was useless, that he could no longer satisfy himself, he quietly locked away his painting and etching materials, and changed his room, that the sight of his unfinished pictures might not disturb him. During all the weary time he was never impatient or fretful, never lost heart or hope of his ultimate recovery. He would speak of another visit to Sark, when he was a little stronger, when the weather was milder; and in his letters we see his efforts to be cheerful and even gay, and to put from him the weird fancies and forebodings which would obtrude themselves. 'A slight sinking sensation comes over us with the thought of six feet of mould at Lympstone. Then we draw a breath and try to feel strong, but the shaky knees will hardly tally.' And now he lies not far from Lympstone, in a little churchyard at Gulliford, his grave shadowed by the *arbor vitae*, and within sound of the sea. He died, quietly and peacefully, during sleep, on the morning of Sunday, the 27th of February 1876, watched over and tended to the end by his sister.

II.

WHEN we turn to Manson's art, what strikes us first and most is its delicacy, its sensitiveness. He is above all things a colourist, colour being quite the sweetest and tenderest quality of natural objects. And the human face being of all coloured things the subtlest and most lovely, he paints this oftenest, in all its aspects of pink rounded babyhood, and rose-flushed girlhood, and bronzed prime, and wrinkled age. By the beauty of his flesh-painting, by the importance which he gives to the human countenance in all his pictures, his work is separated from most of the rustic subjects by our younger Scottish painters, who are fond of treating the faces of their figures mainly as necessary points of colour in their compositions, without caring to record with precision all the tender gradations and passing shades of expression.

But he seldom gives us colour quite at its fullest and richest; his works deal most commonly with faint pinks and blues, cool greys and browns, passing into bright warmth in the stronger hues of the figures and their costumes, the whole drawing frequently focused in a point of full crimson. In some of his portraits, that, for instance, of the Sark *Fisher Boy*, and the still finer likeness of himself done in 1874, he attains a strength and richness of flesh-painting which recalls in some far-off way the *St. Sebastian*¹ of Giorgione and the *Bacchus*² of Titian; but in both pictures the intense sun-browned faces are surrounded by the colder blues of dress and background. Yet his works are always true works in colour, —the shadows never lost in blackness; and it is curious to note how he observes and quietly emphasises any stray harmony of tinting, as in the delicate incrustations of green and yellow lichens on his two wells, and in the clear sharp reflections on the wet stones beneath them.

¹ *Sainte-Famille, plusieurs saints et un donateur*, Louvre.

² *Bacchus and Ariadne*, National Gallery.

His pictures were conceived in colour, not in light and shade. We find in them none of that too exclusive care for tonality which is so characteristic of the modern Continental schools, and which, through them, has powerfully affected recent British art. Many of his works would have gained by a greater regard for truth of relation; but it is possible that, with longer life and wider experience, he would have worked his way to a lovelier and more complete tonality than could have been attained by any subordination or falsification of colour in his early practice.

The main bulk of his work is realistic; dealing, that is to say, with real scenes, but all become fine and delicate through the 'added artistry.' Here and there we find a sketch more or less confessedly ideal in aim and subject; among the rest an allegorical scene, 'To give light to them that sit in darkness,' and a study of two choristers,¹ with a touch of that grace and spirituality which is characteristic of Italian art in their raised faces and modulated lips. The former was contributed as an illustration to a religious periodical, and was feebly engraved. The woodcut reproduction conveys little of the impressiveness of the rough original sketch, where the radiance of the dawn flashes behind the drooping head and weird toil-worn figure of Christ, who is welcomed, with bowed knees and outstretched hands, by a crowd of men and women in a dark cave-like place, surrounded by the corruption of the charnel-house and the stones and briars of a ruined world. But there was no need that he should paint subjects formally religious, so full of a sacred calm are his renderings of mere human life,—beauty as of very heaven breaking out for him over all the earth, and shining from its commonest things. Among the largest of his pencil studies is one loosely and lightly executed, the main finish being expended on the head and hands of the figure. As you turn the pages of the volume that contains it, and your eye rests on the upturned face, you think at once of some silver-point by a Florentine master,—some saint's picture,—some haloed St. Sebastian, arrow-pierced and faintly smiling through the languor of death, cheered by celestial visions. You look again, and see that Manson's drawing represents only a homely cottager resting beneath an English hedge-row, and raising her hands to adjust her burden, as she prepares to resume her journey.

He seeks for grace and beauty in humble places; and his art, dealing

¹ Reduced in the centre of page 22 of the Illustrations.

much with the lives of lowly men and women, has in it little of the sombre poetry of the stronger and more earnest of the French pastoralists. Among foreign artists it has most in common with the work of Édouard Frère;¹ among British painters its spirit has perhaps most kinship with that of Hugh Cameron. It shows nothing of the stern gloom of Millet's rendering of country labour,—that gloom which made the Parisians leave his pictures, saying that their painter must be a republican and a socialist. Think of the Frenchman's peasants, drearily stooping over the furrows, or standing in the fields at evening, with bowed and uncovered head, as the Angelus bell comes to them from the distant village church, and you will feel how different is Manson's view of rural life and common toil, if you recall the pleasant physical surroundings amid which he has set his happier labourers,—the softly-lighted byre,² with its ordered line of cattle and calmly-busied servants, the old cottager gathering firewood in the quiet twilight; the two well-scenes,³ with their touch of humour and their touch of tenderness. We have pathos enough in his pictures, scarcely a face without its hint of pensive sorrow; but this is not the result of toil and a hard lot; it is just the inevitable sorrow of life which comes alike to all,—to the old fisherwoman beside the bare seashore, but no less to the sun-browned fisher-lad, and to the high-born maiden, who watches, so wistfully, the dying sunset through a casement rich with the heraldry that tells of a hundred ancestors.⁴

Being a painter of loveliness, delighting in things that are softly rounded and sweetly coloured, he is a great painter of children. His art does not report that infants and cherubs are identical; he has not studied babies with the partial eyes of motherhood. Look at one of his earlier water-colours, *The Cottage Door*,⁵ over-arched with honeysuckle; watch the infant there, held with no little effort in the arms of its elder sister, and so singularly ungrateful for all her watchful care,—grasping its ivory ring, and gazing into the distance with that look of greedy self-absorption which is no less characteristic of extreme youth than of extreme age. Then we have two studies of somewhat older children;⁶ one, busy with her porringer,

¹ My own Édouard Frère; Manson calls him in one of his letters.

² Photograph No. 2.

³ Photographs Nos. 3 and 9.

⁴ *The Missal*, in the possession of Charles Muirhead, Esq., Edinburgh. A smaller replica of this subject was shown in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1873.

⁵ Photograph No. 1.

⁶ Photographs Nos. 4 and 6.

a cross kitten-like little creature, with pursed mouth, dark angry eyes, and flash of red ribbon among her masses of coal-black hair; the other, a rare bit of 'blowsy babyhood,' a fat *Dutch Baby*, in its quaint wooden chair, sulkily fingering its playthings,—the tenderest harmony of colour in the carnations of its face, the faint blues and pinks of its dress, and the pale lilac of the white-bordered cap. And all such subjects, commonplace and trivial to utter weariness when touched by common men, become in the hands of this painter purely artistic, through the keen truth and beauty of their embodiment in lines and colours.

In one of the child-pictures—*What is it?*¹—there is a hint of more mystic meaning than we usually find in the artist's works. 'The Age of Innocence' was the first title of the subject. 'What is it?' asks the blue-clad child, attracted by the ticking of a clock, and leaning forward to watch its movements; and for answer we see the strange carvings which sustain the brass dial,—the skull, the twining serpents, the outspread wings of a bird of prey, while around and beneath lie great folios, heavy with the gathered lore of centuries, and a rosary suggesting the consolations of religion.

His children improve as they grow older,—morally we mean,—to improve artistically were scarcely possible. He has given us a long series of drawings dealing with sweet girl-life. There is the fairy who haunts *The Rhymer's Glen*,² and pauses on the little bridge, her fair hair waving in the breeze, and her lap filled with ferns; the child-mother,³ already referred to, standing at the cottage door, her face beautiful with the grace of service and wistful responsibility; the patient young egg-girl; the child absorbed in her scrap-book; the wild merry gypsy lass bridling her donkey; the girl at the well,⁴ with the gentle charity of her cup of cold water. And even more poetic than all the rest is the little cottager, startled by some rustling leaf or twittering bird which breaks the calm of the summer evening, the water flowing unregarded from her pitcher, her tremulous face and pure wide-opened eyes set against the shadowed recess of *The Haunted Well*, and the rich still twilight dying away behind the distant trees and rustic roofs.

We need not speak at length of the way in which Manson's art

¹ Photograph No. 7.

² Photograph No. 1.

³ In the possession of J. Irvine Smith, Esq.

⁴ Photograph No. 3.

deals with other seasons of the human year: with youth in his own portrait, and in *Devotion*¹ and *The Missal*; with advancing life, in *The Gipsy Encampment* and several of his portrait subjects; finally, with age 'that winds up all,' in the pathetic picture of the old *Fisherwoman*,² with her worn face, and 'eyes that have survived so much.'

Amid all the unobtrusive beauty of these works, what a reality there is; amid all their realism, what a beauty! How quaintly the artist introduces this and that bit of trivial telling fact,—the rosy heel of the infant, in *The Cottage Door*,³ protruding from its worn sock, the battered wheelless cart of the street-boy in *The Children at the Well*.⁴ His figures seem familiar to you, as though you had known them all your life. They are each clearly individual and portrait-like, fashioned after no formula, no conventional types of youth or age received by tradition from other painters; each face and form has been seen by the artist himself in city street or country lane.

His landscape subjects are less numerous and less important than his figure-pictures. They are usually sober in hue, worked in low-toned greys and blues and quiet greens. The largest and most brilliant is an evening view of Duddingston Loch, full of the calm and stillness which the artist shed alike over his scenes of nature and his scenes of life, the sights of the outer world seeming to come to him with such gathered sweetness, grown tender and delicate like modulated music.

Its perception of natural beauty, and its perception of the mingled pathos and loveliness of human life, these are the characteristic notes of the art of George Manson. He was a true artist, learning from all around him, but shaping all that he had learned into his own forms of beauty, and stamping it with the impress of his own clear-cut personality. He was scarcely twenty-five when he died; all his art-work, very considerable even in amount, was produced in some seven years, and it was only during the last four years of his life that he could devote himself exclusively to painting, free from the laborious wood-engraving which had previously occupied the best hours of his days.

Who shall say what his art might have become had his real working-life been longer, had time been allotted for the development of all that was in him? As he grew older his handling was gaining in breadth and

¹ Photograph No. 5.

² Photograph No. 8.

³ Photograph No. 1.

⁴ Photograph No. 3.

decision, and he was planning more complex and important subjects. Always, it seems probable, his art would have been idyllic rather than dramatic; dealing with life in its times of peace, not in its moments of vivid quickened excitement; little given to the portrayal of violent movements or momentary emotions; expecting you to be mainly 'interested in 'the living creatures, not in what is happening to them.' But it is idle to speculate on the 'might have been.' His note-books are crowded with suggestions and studies, which only physical strength and a longer life were needed to turn into complete and poetic pictures. These are lost to us. 'Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, 'unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light?'

J. M. GRAY.

25 YORK PLACE,
EDINBURGH.

DESCRIPTIVE INDEX

AND

COLOUR-NOTES.

FRONTISPICE.

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE MANSON.

From a Photograph taken from life, in 1873, by Messrs. ELLIOTT & FRY.

1. THE COTTAGE DOOR.

In the possession of W. C. MURRAY, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh—(11½ inches by 8 inches).

Green cottage door, with brighter greens in the honeysuckle foliage.
Walls and stones pale grey. Dark-haired girl in warm brown dress.
Exquisite purity in the stippled flesh-tints of her face. Baby's dress
grey lilac, with red 'happings.'

2. MILKING TIME.

In the possession of the representatives of the late JAS. CASSIE, R.S.A.—(13 x 18).

General tone of walls and floor grey-green: brown rafters, pale
golden-yellow straw: lilac cap of woman milking relieved against the
brown cow. Figure at door in full light, with blue dress white apron,
and crimson handkerchief on head.

3. CHILDREN AT A WELL.

In the possession of HUGH STEVEN, Esq., Glasgow—(13 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 9 $\frac{2}{3}$).

Evening effect. Soft grey and orange sky. Blue-grey distance and church. Dull grey-green well, with russet discolourations. Girl with dress of faded olive-green tartan. The bright crimson handkerchief round her neck, and the sharp green of the cabbage in the right corner, the most positive colour in the picture.

4. DUTCH BABY.

In the possession of W. MUNRO, Esq., Edinburgh—(10 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 7).

Background grey in light, and cool dark brown in shadow. The wooden chair a rich warm brown. Very tender colour in the flesh, the green, grey, and pink of dress, and the white-bordered lilac-purple of white cap.

5. DEVOTION.

In the possession of J. AULDJO JAMIESON, Esq., Edinburgh—(10 × 7).

White cap : dark blue-black dress : full-toned blue apron : soft pink and white shawl. Sombre background, with ruddy brown at right. Yellow and red in the picture hung on the grey pillar.

6. CHILD WITH PORRINGER.

In the possession of P. W. ADAM, Esq., Edinburgh—(Circular, diameter 5 $\frac{1}{2}$).

Colouring strong and intense. Grey background : dark brown chair : full blue dress : warm orange bib : blue and white porringer : black hair, with bright red ribbon.

7. WHAT IS IT?

In the possession of J. G. ORCHAR, Esq. Dundee (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 8 $\frac{1}{8}$).

Fair hair : pale soft blue dress : white collar and circle at arm : bright green chair-cover : warm brown clock-case. Rich play of colour in table-cloth,—crimson, blue, moss-green, and orange. Dark background at right, passing into grey behind the clock.

8. WAITING FOR THE BOATS.

In the possession of WALTER HOULDWORTH, Esq., Coltness—(10½ × 7½).

Dark-blue fisher coat: crisp white mutch contrasted by its black band, and relieved against the pallid yellowish flesh-tints of face. Lake-red neckerchief: warm brown of apron carried through the picture by the browns and dull yellows of sand at left and basket at right: grey-blue sky and sea.

9. THE 'FOUNTAIN WELL,' HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

In the possession of CAPTAIN C. A. LODDER, R.N., Edinburgh—(10½ × 13½).

Dark grey-green background and well. Various low-toned browns in dress of the child and of the figure to right. Woman in purple and greenish-grey dress and faded tartan shawl; the highest lights in her white cap and apron. Other figure in russet and buff-coloured dress, with red handkerchief on head.

10. MELROSE ABBEY.

In the possession of JAMES WALKER, Esq., Aberdeen—(9 × 7).

Bright sunlight effect, with white and faint blue sky. Mellow, ruddy, and warm yellowish tones in the old arches. Distant blue-shadowed trees seen through the windows: yellow-green foliage among the ruins to left. Touch of strong blue and crimson in the dress of the figure.

11. HIGH SCHOOL WYND.

In the possession of W. C. MURRAY, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh—(13 × 9½).

Soft orange morning sky, passing into yellow. Grey and brown houses and street: dull green slates on the nearer high gable, beyond this dull red tiles. Brighter red in cloth hung at window, and in the dress of the stooping figure.

12. EAST END OF COWGATE, EDINBURGH.

In the possession of DR. J. A. SIDEY, Edinburgh—(8 × 6½).

Sepia Drawing.

13. SOUTH GRAY'S CLOSE, EDINBURGH.

In the possession of Dr. J. A. SIDBY, Edinburgh—(13 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 9 $\frac{1}{2}$).

Sepia Drawing.

14. DISTANT VIEW OF ST. LO.

In the possession of W. D. M'KAY, Esq., A.R.S.A.—(9 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 7).

Various tints of faint greys, blues, and greens. Dark-green tree-masses against full blue of distance.

15. PORTRAIT SUBJECT.

16. DUTCH PEASANT.

17. SARK FISHERMAN.

18. BELGIAN SENTINEL.

19. PORTRAIT SUBJECT.

20. TWO PORTRAITS.

21. NORMAN MARKET-WOMEN.

22. FOUR PENCIL SKETCHES.

Nos. 15 to 22 are slightly reduced from pencil drawings in the possession of the Artist's father.

23. FIVE PEN-SKETCHES—REDUCED.

From the margins of letters,—except the centre subject.

24. FOUR PEN-SKETCHES—REDUCED.

The first two sketched at St. Lo, the second two contributed as illustrations to Dr. SIDEY'S *Alter Ejusdem*.

25. THREE FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS.

The first dated from Antwerp, the two others from Sark.

26. SIX WOODCUTS.

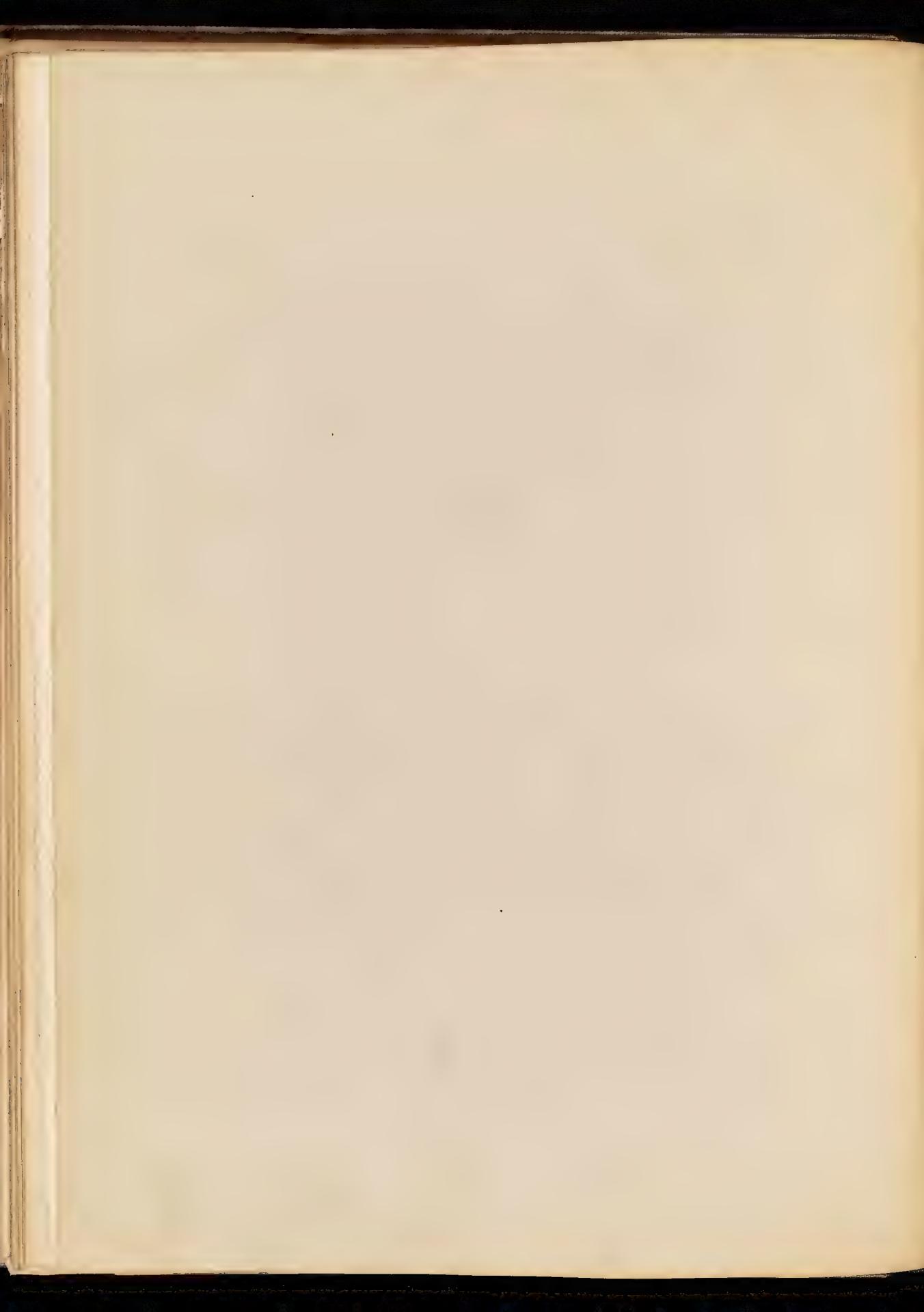
Designed, drawn, and engraved by the Artist for *Chambers's Miscellany*.

27. LANDSCAPE SUBJECT AND FIGURE SUBJECT.

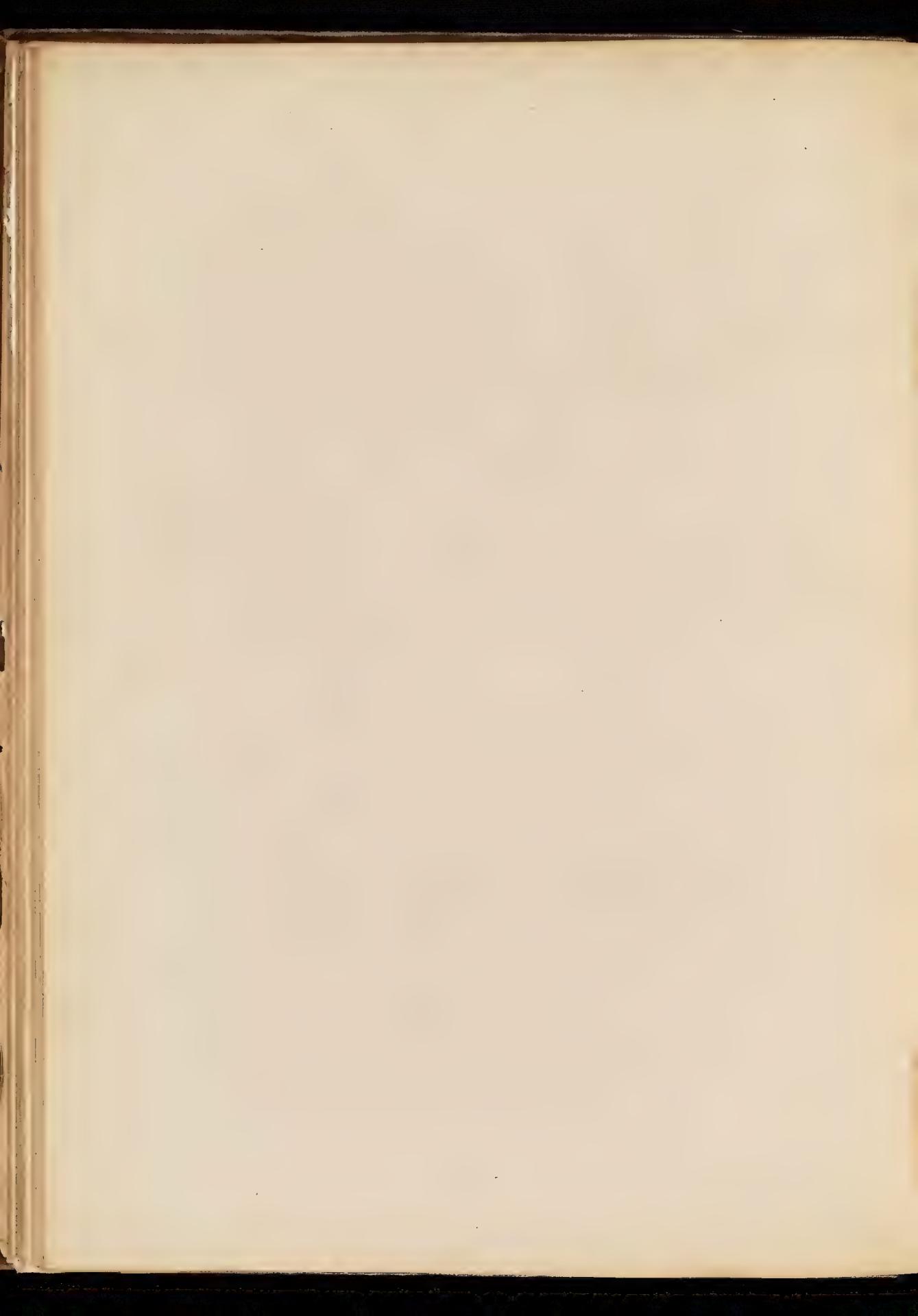
The former engraved by the Artist after BIRKET FOSTER; the latter drawn upon wood by the Artist, and engraved by Mr. J. R. PAIRMAN.



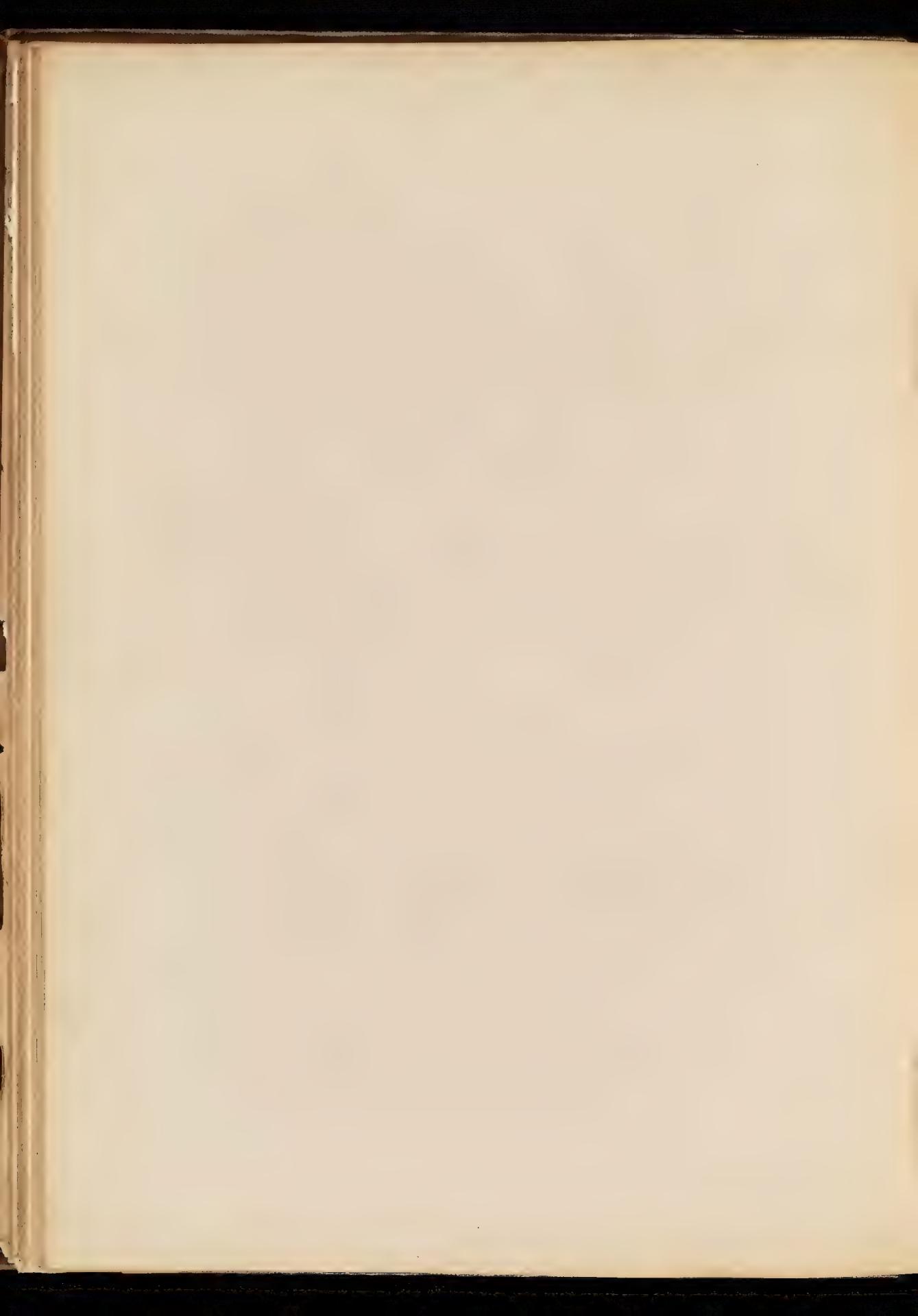




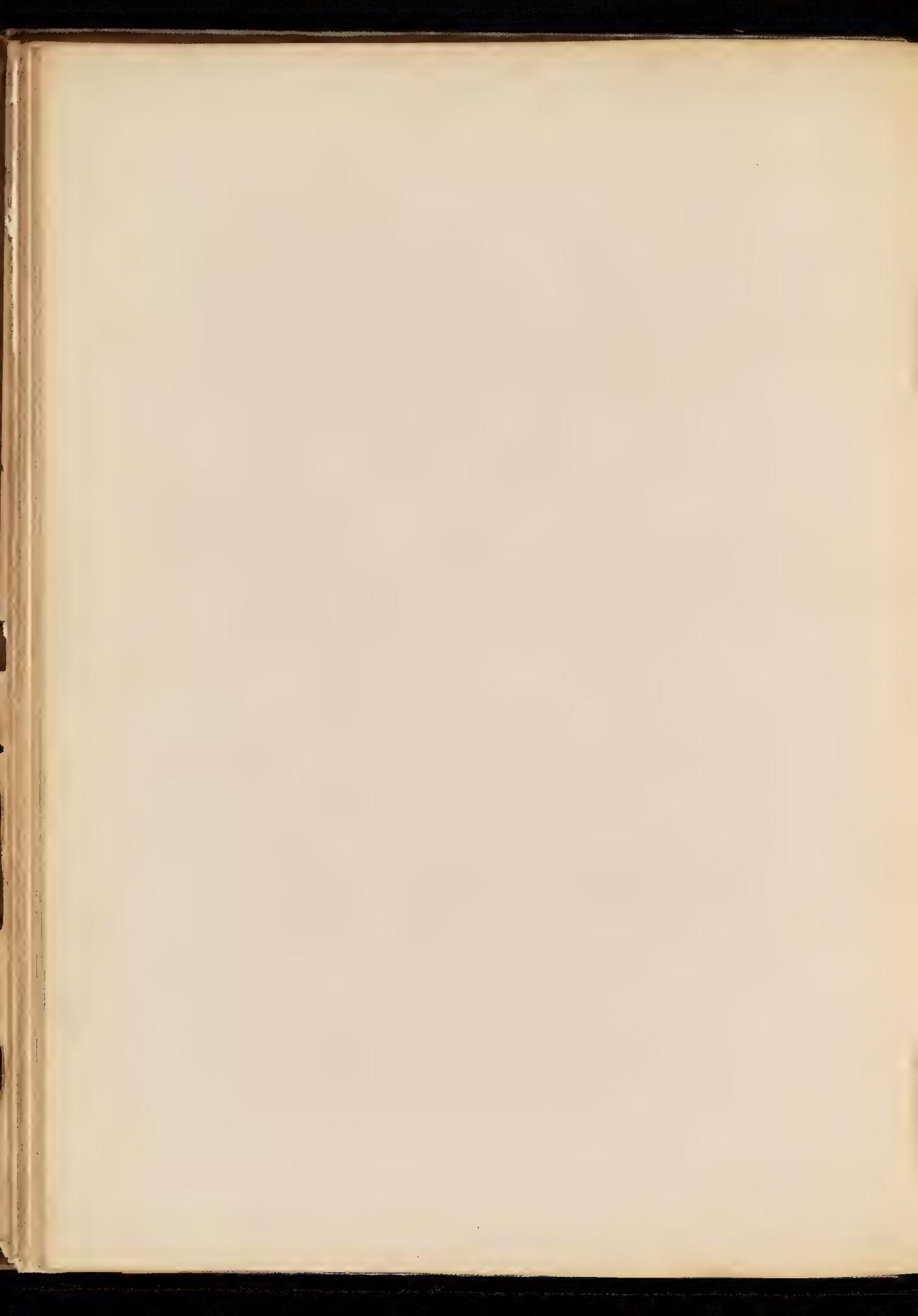




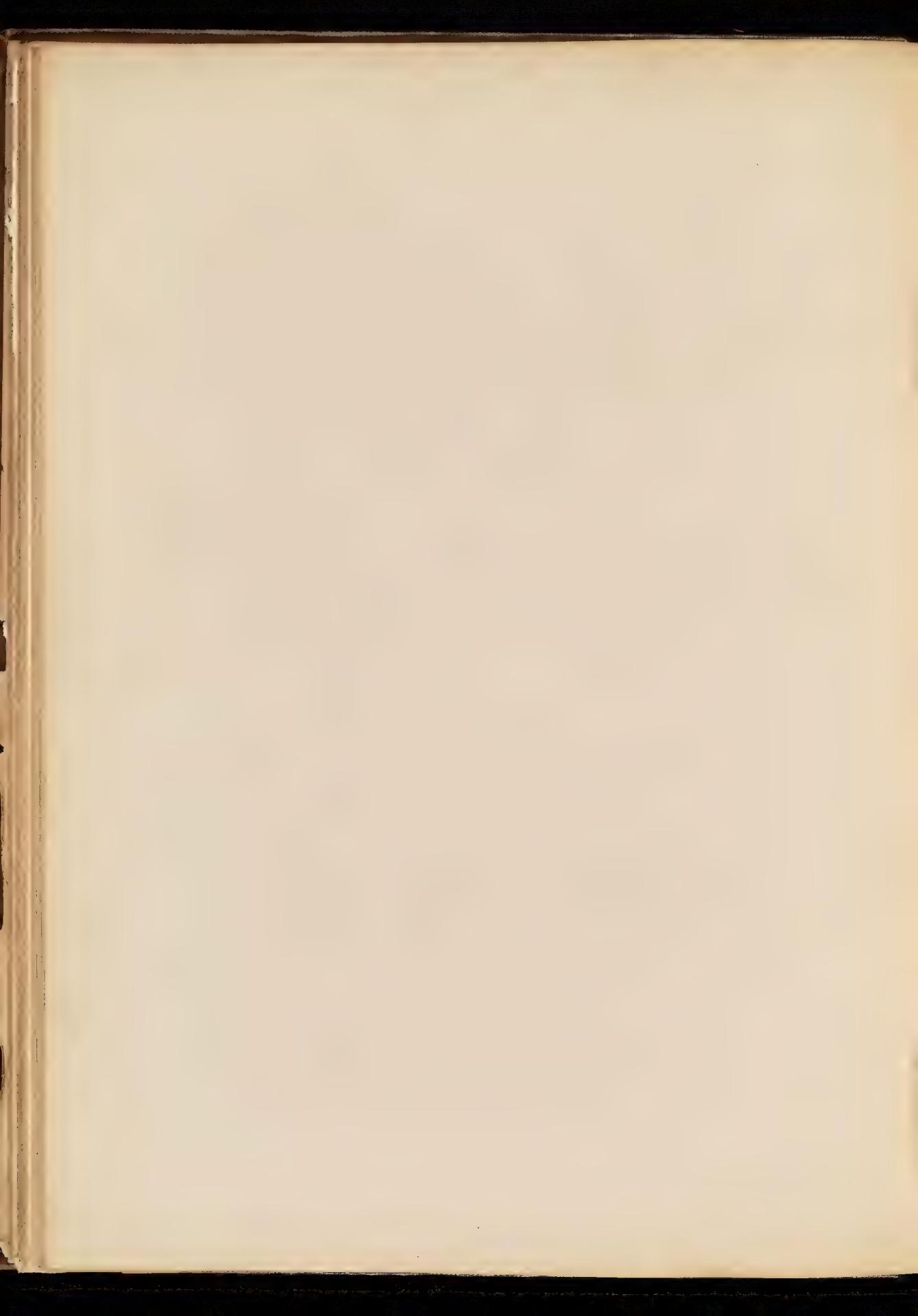






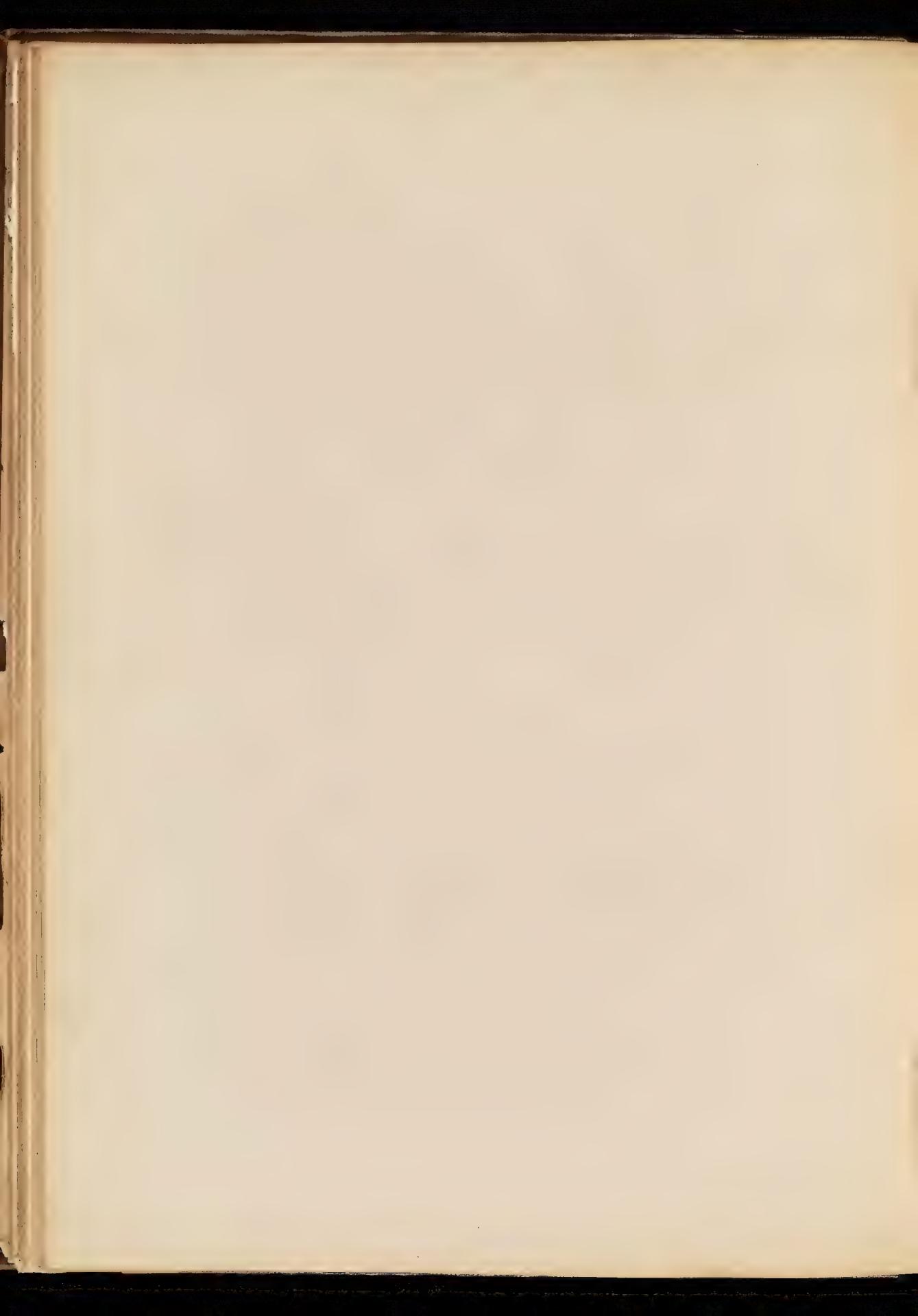




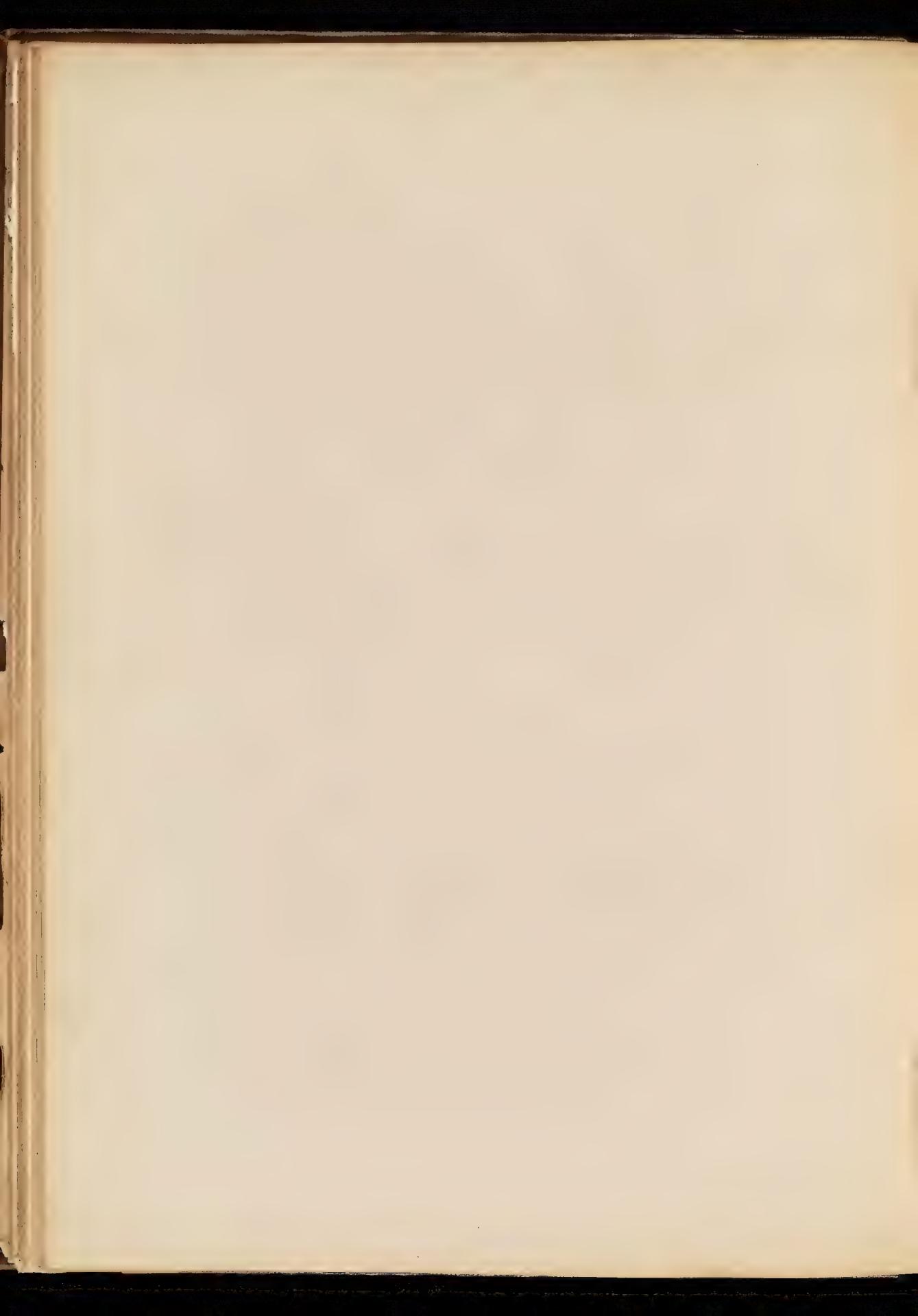




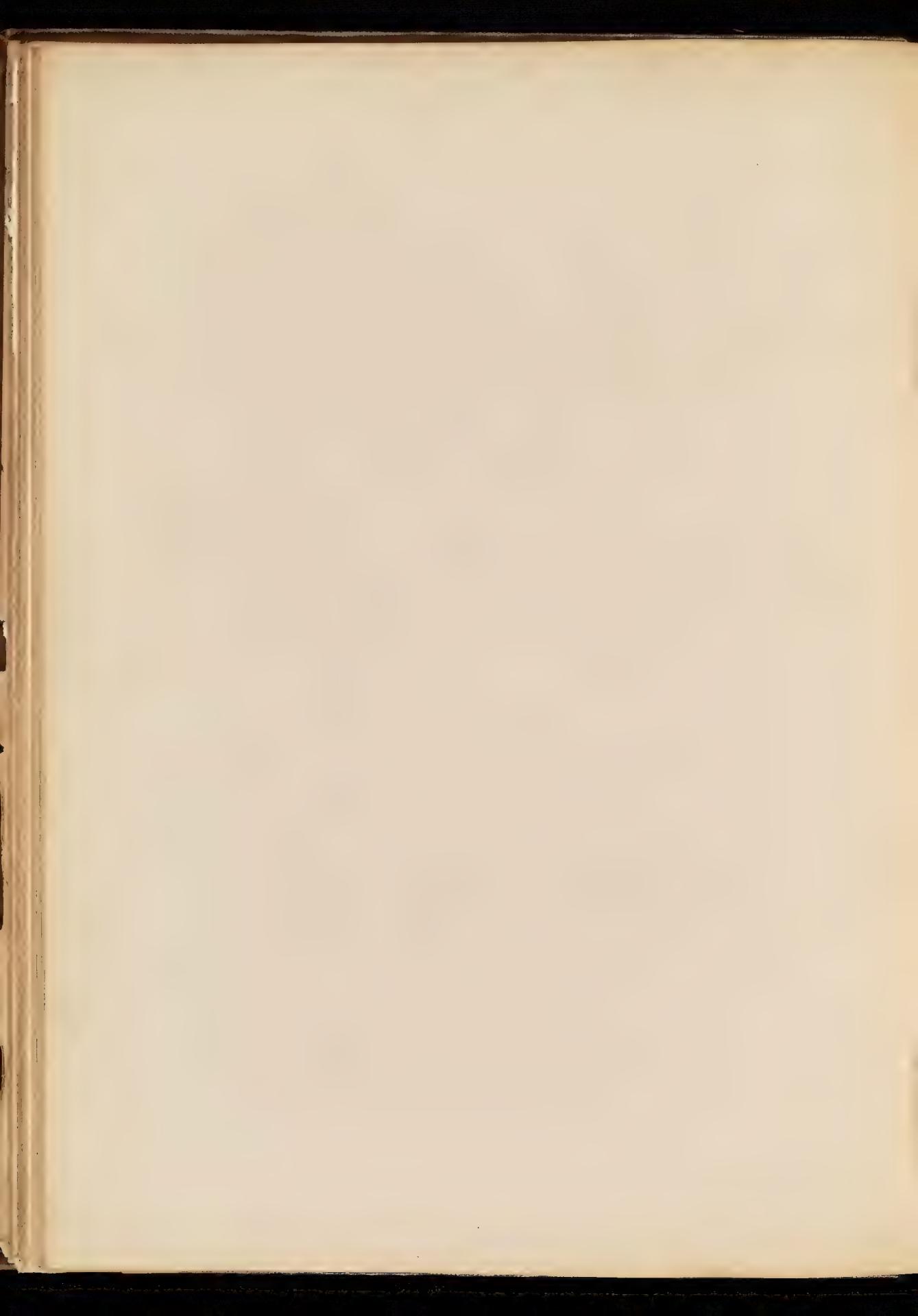
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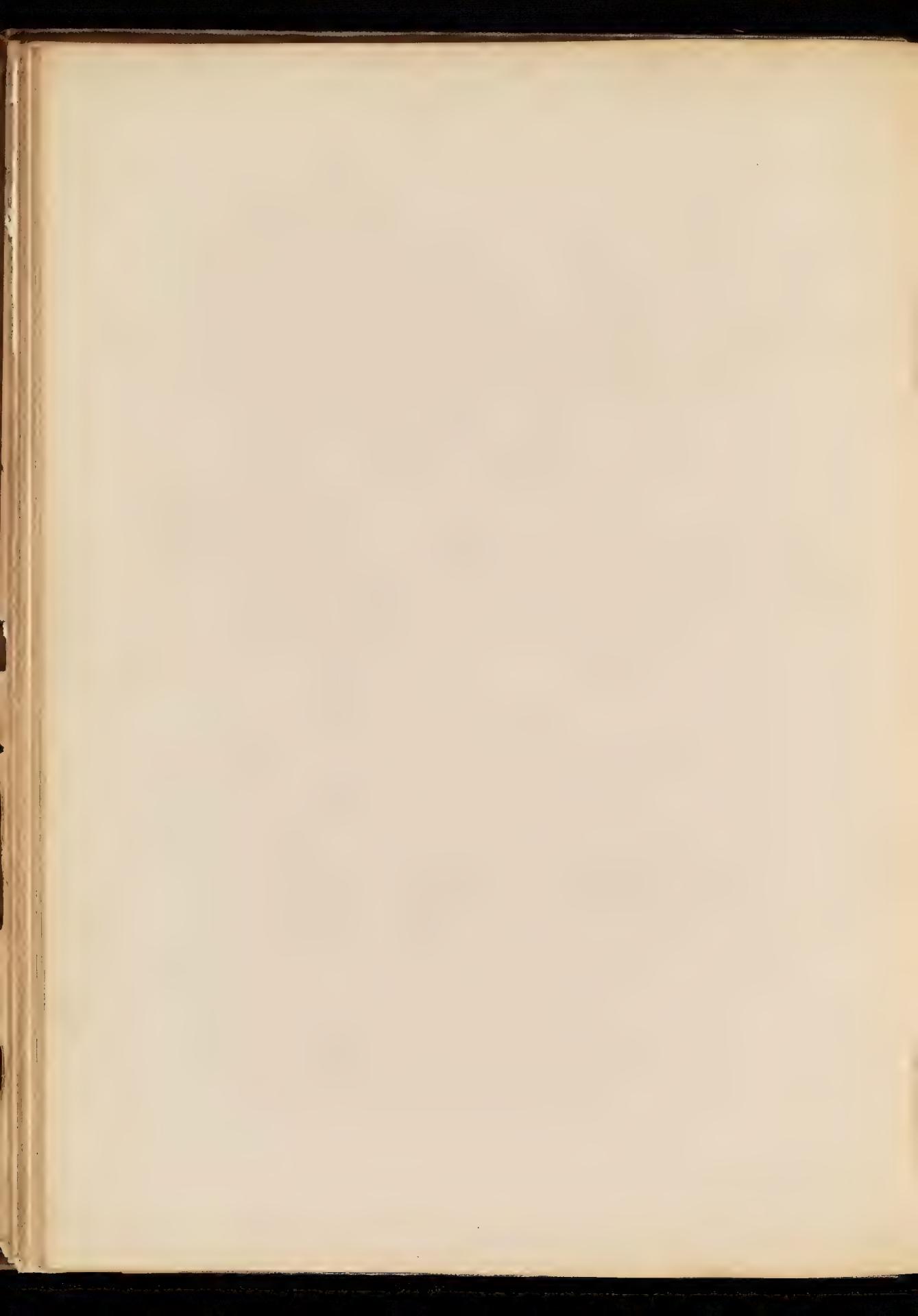






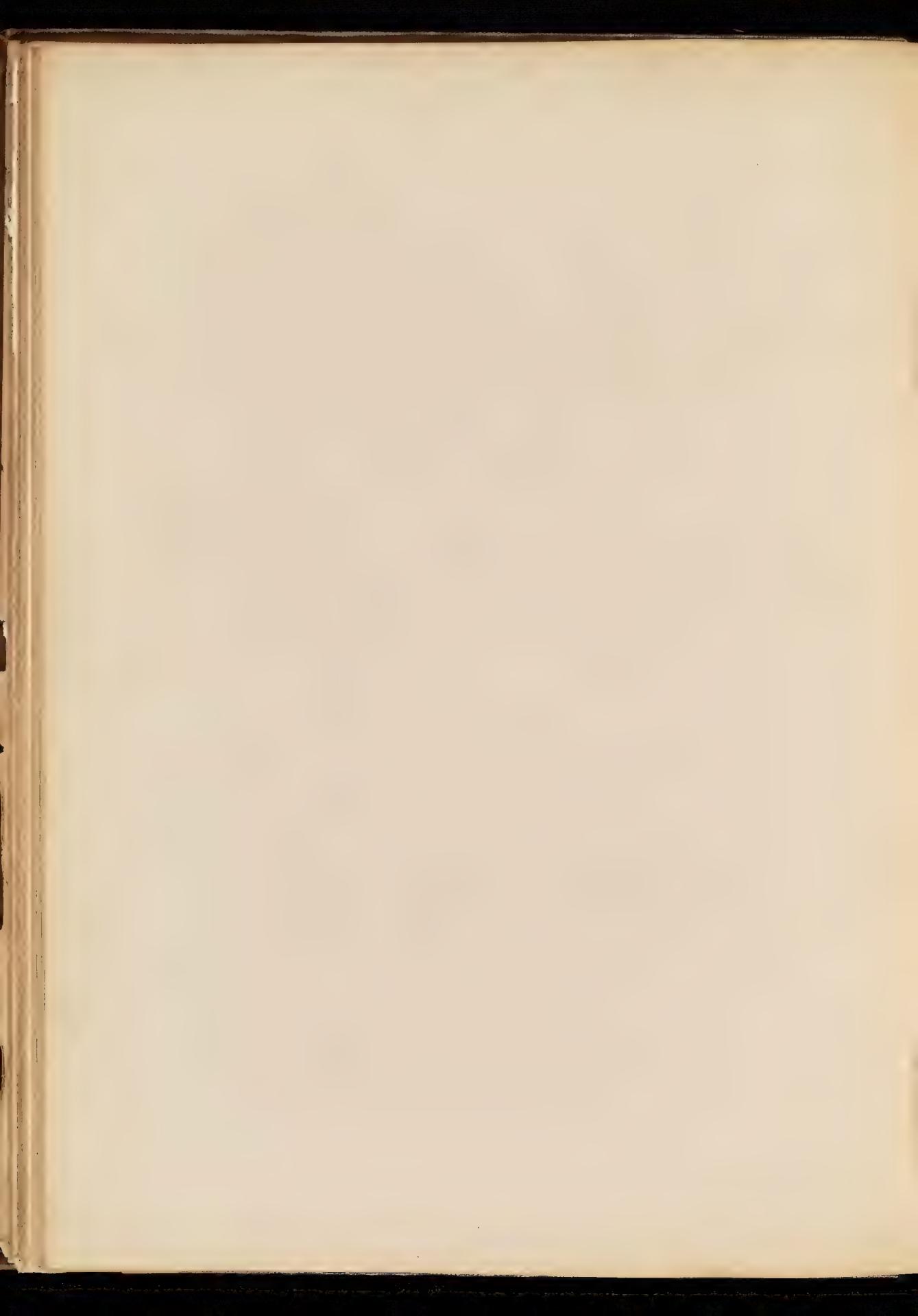




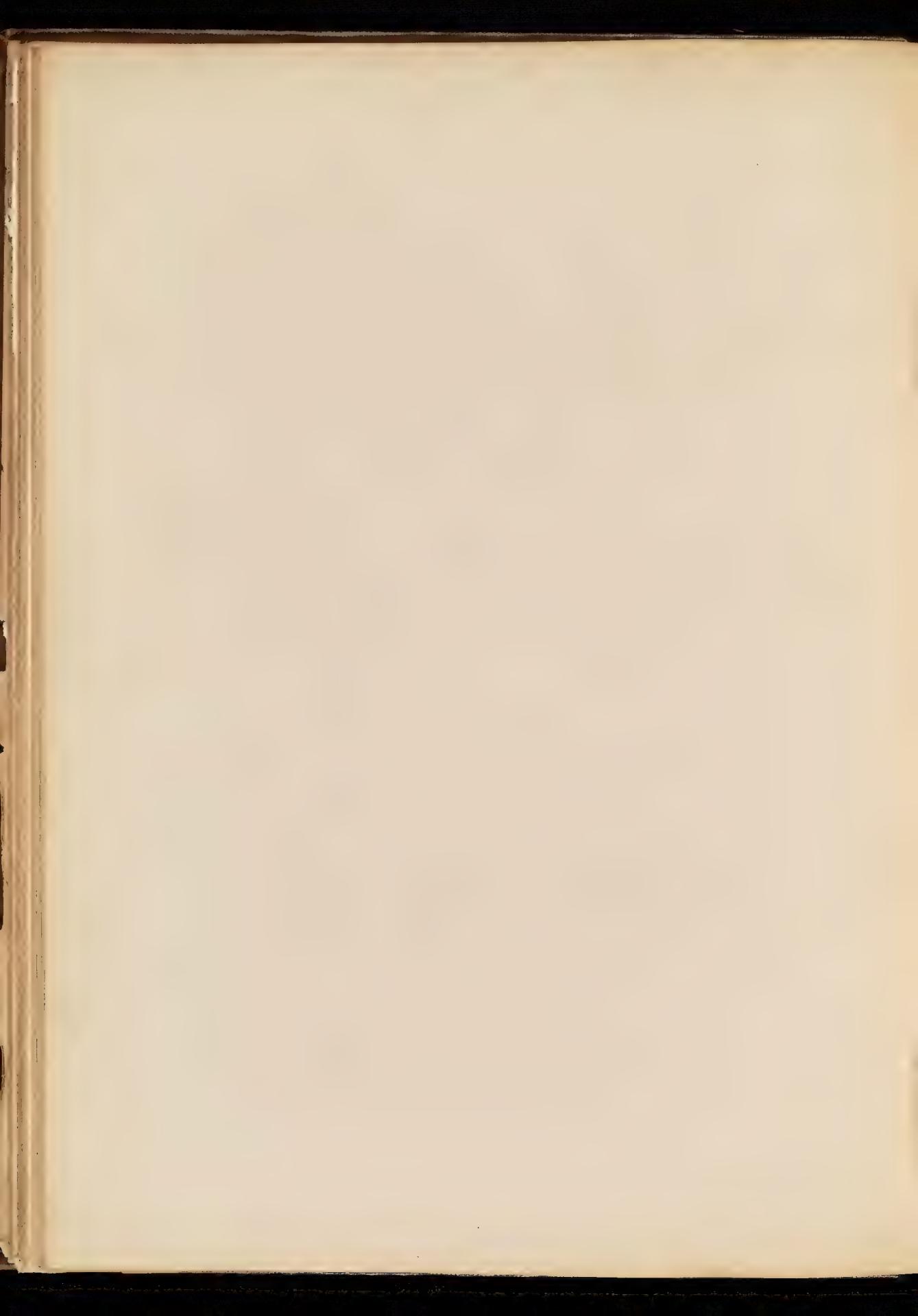




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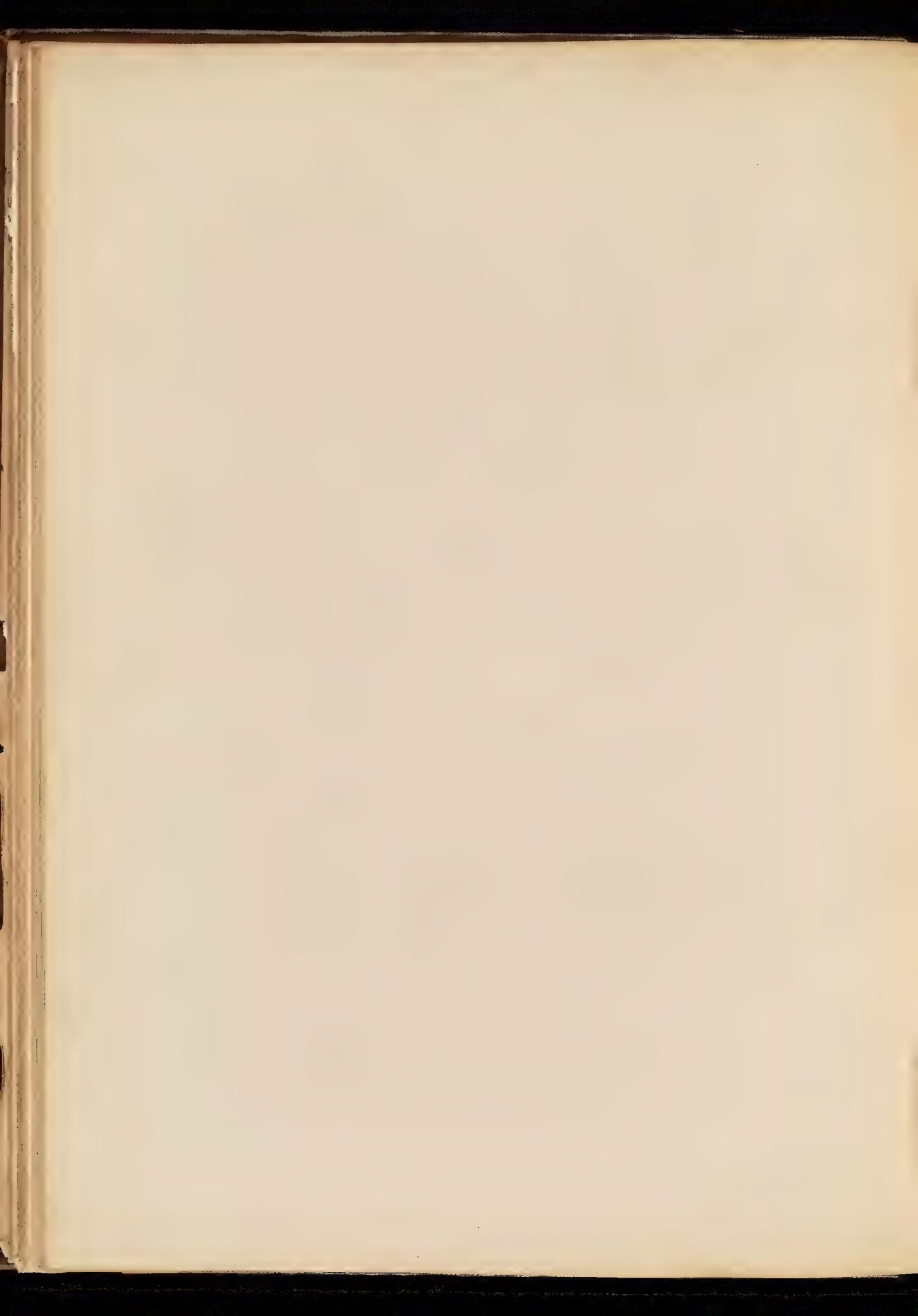






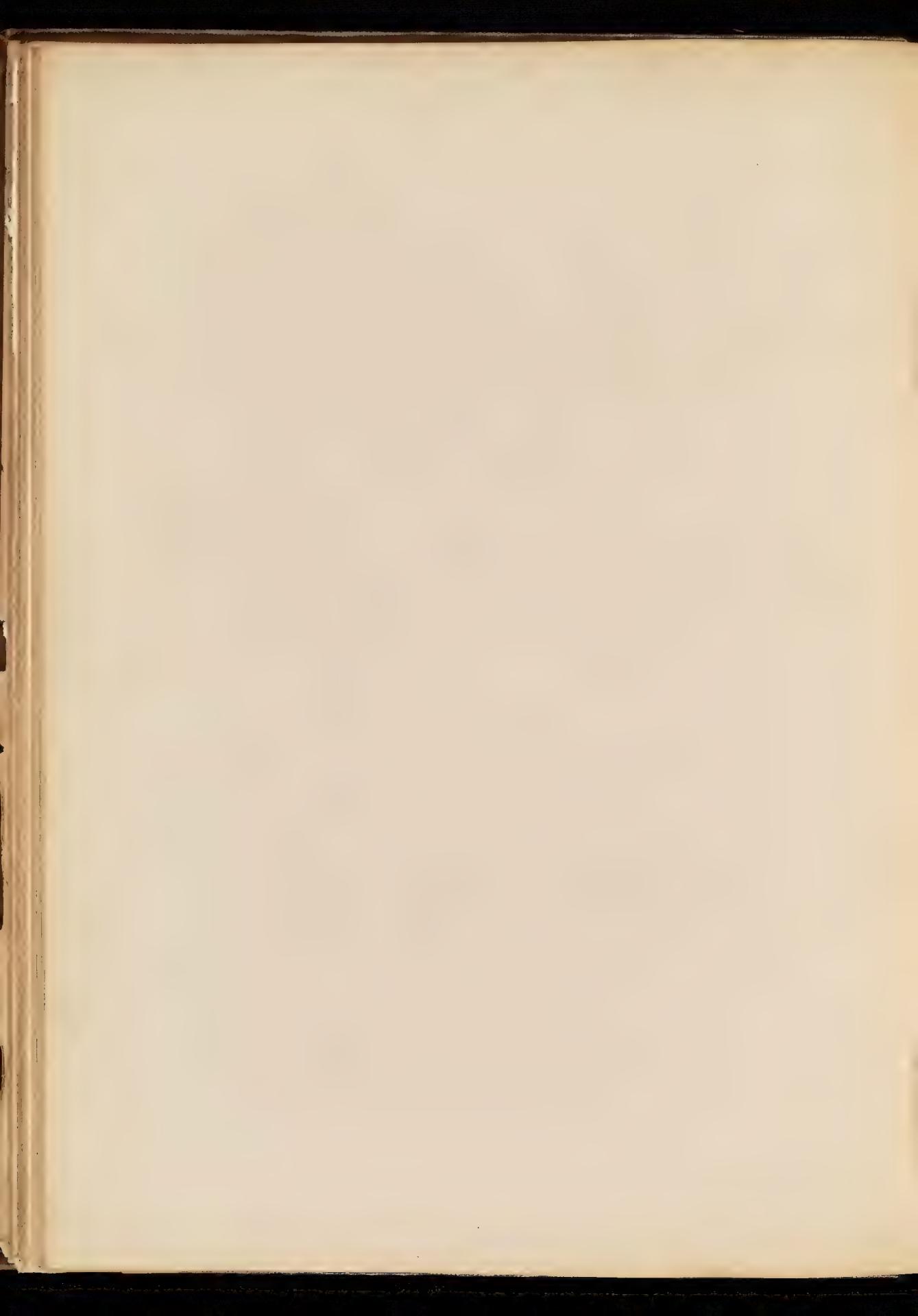


Part of
a sketch
of a
street

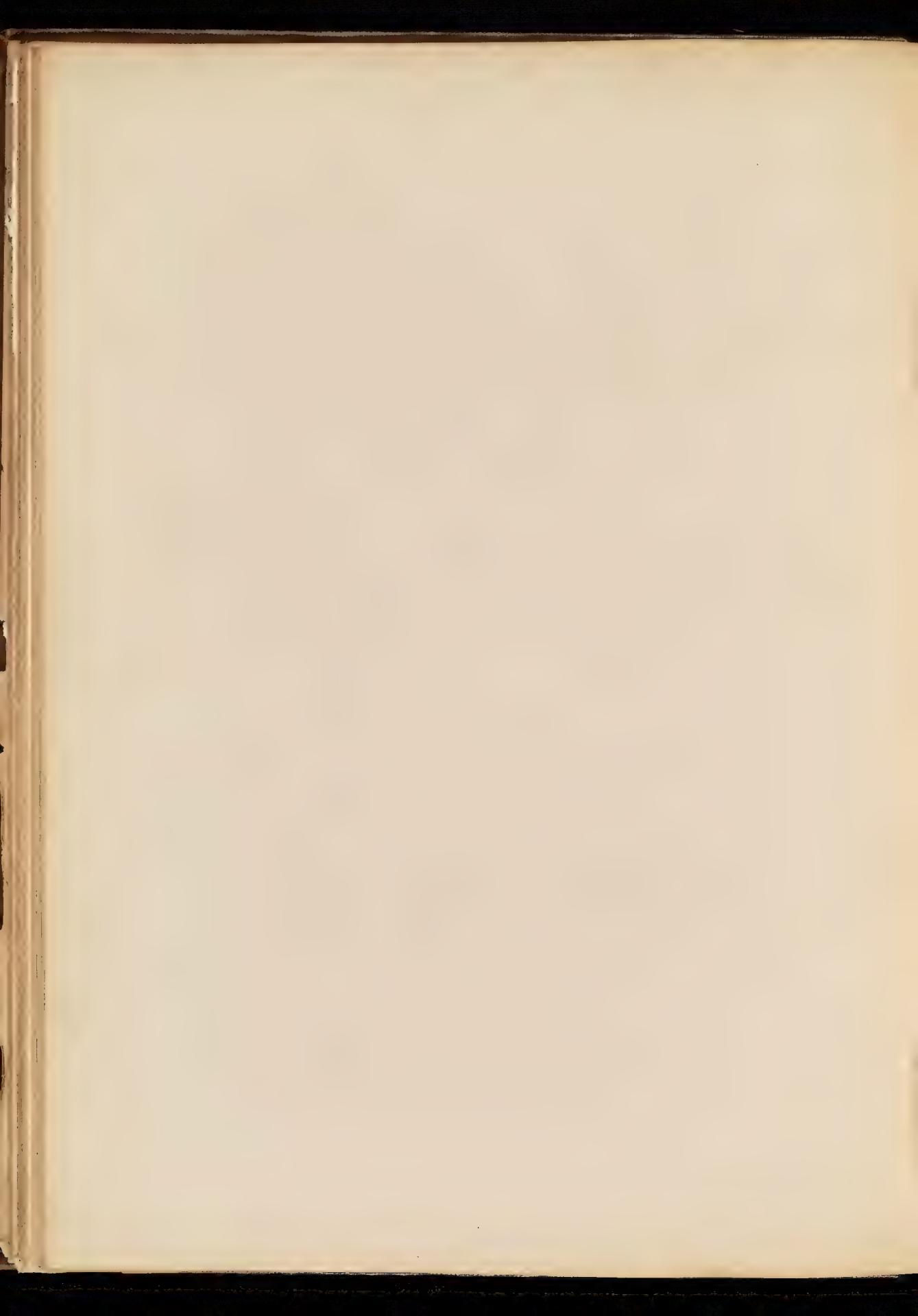




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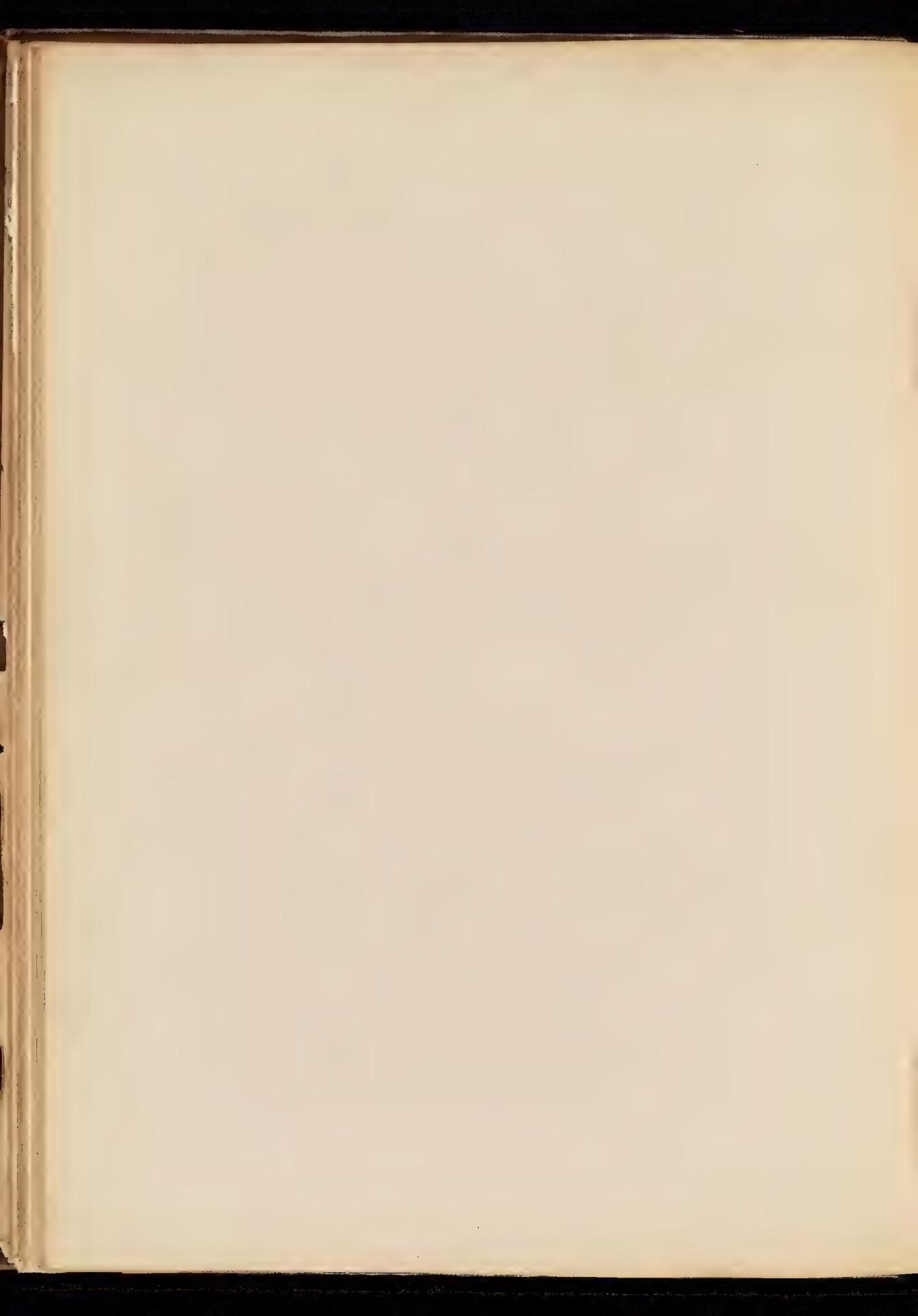






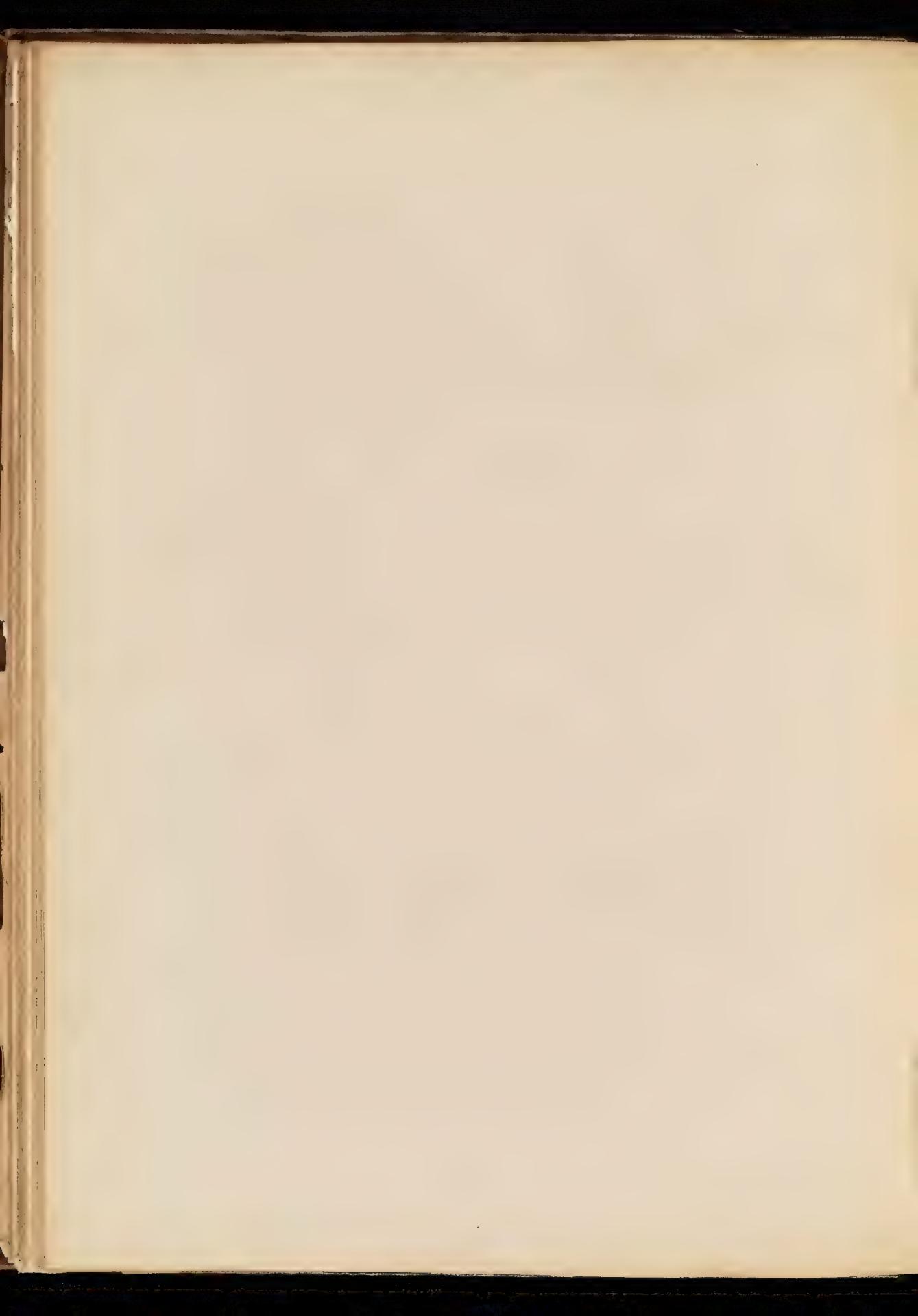
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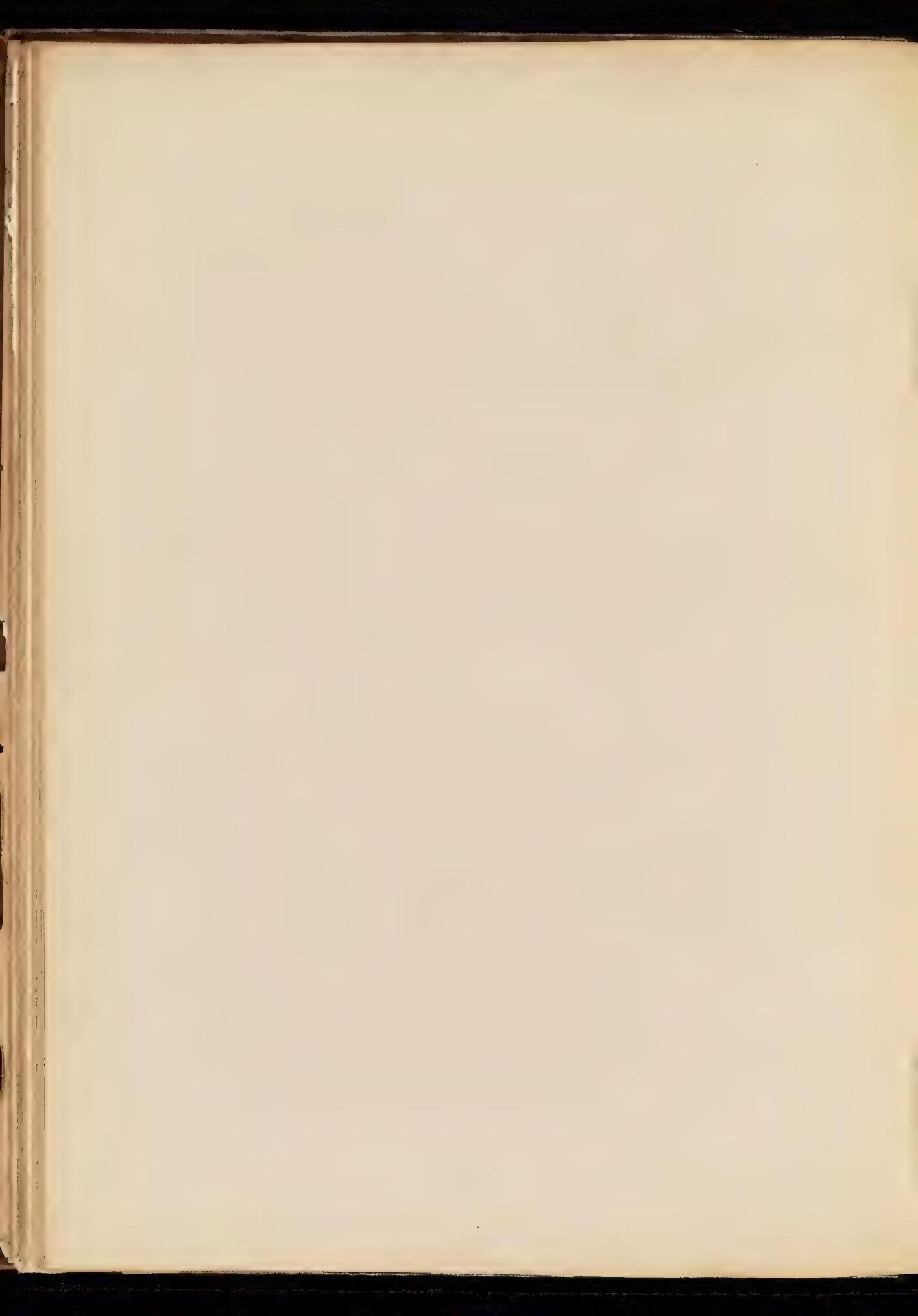




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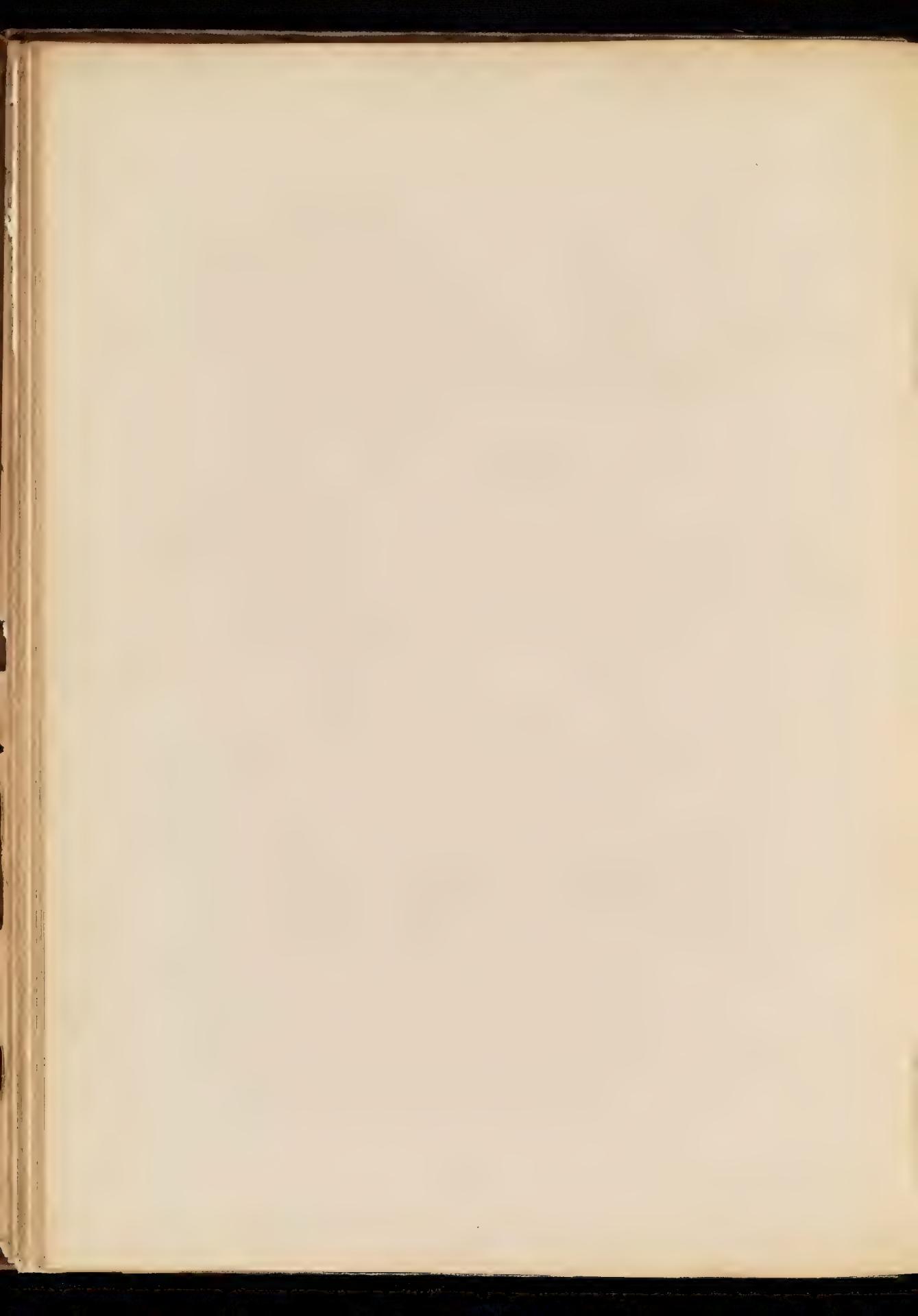






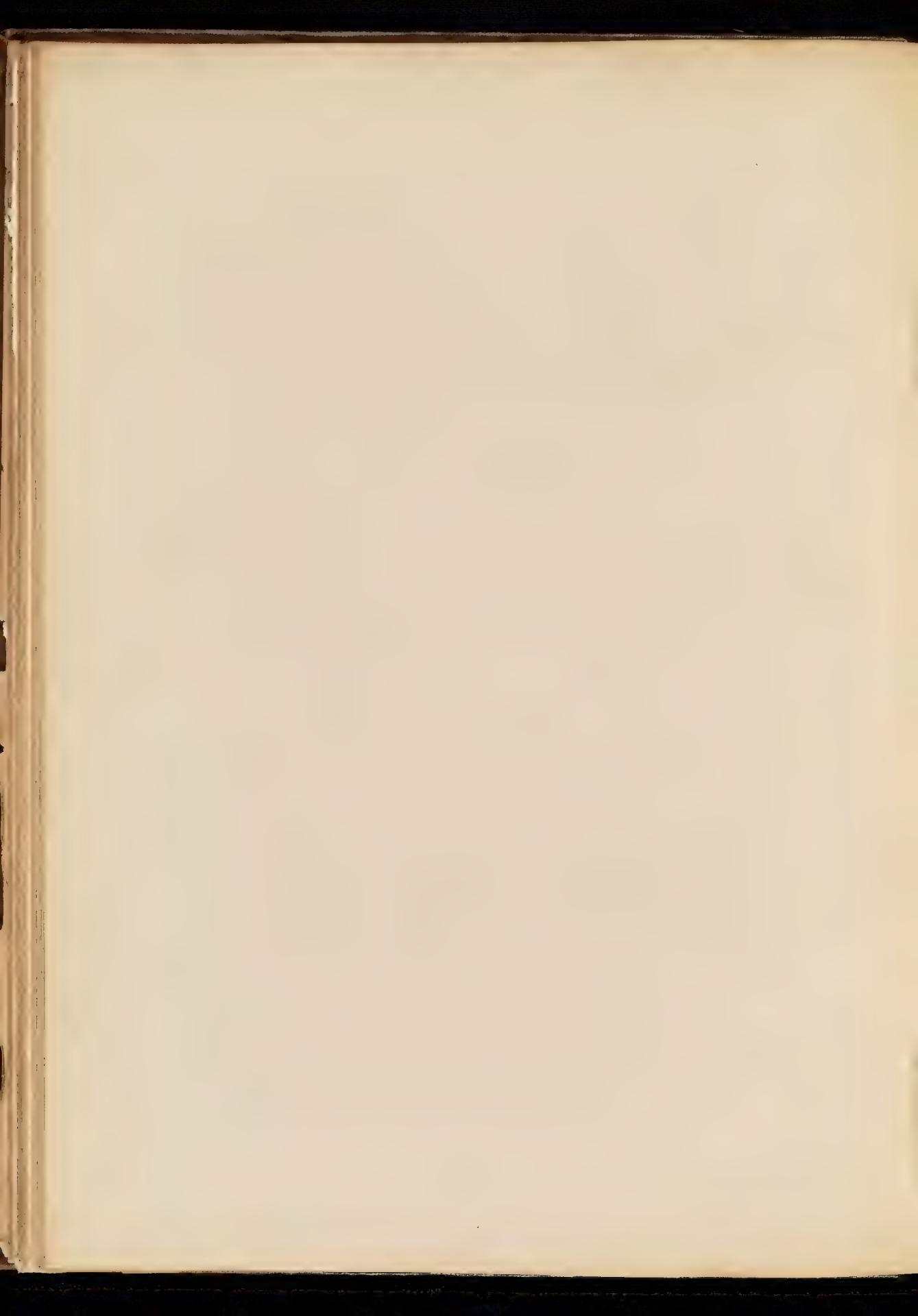


In the fortifications Namur June 9/73





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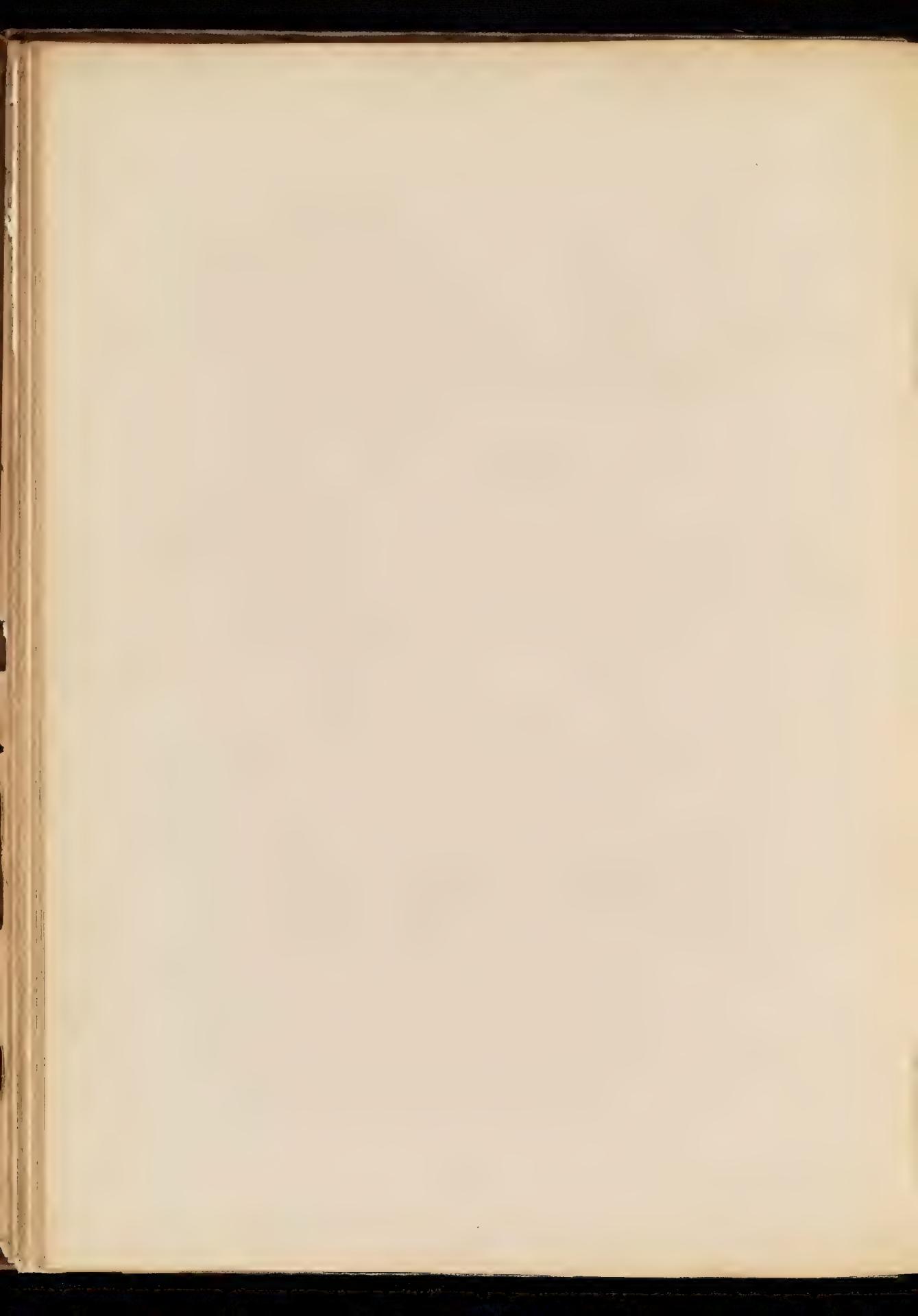


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— 6 June 1911

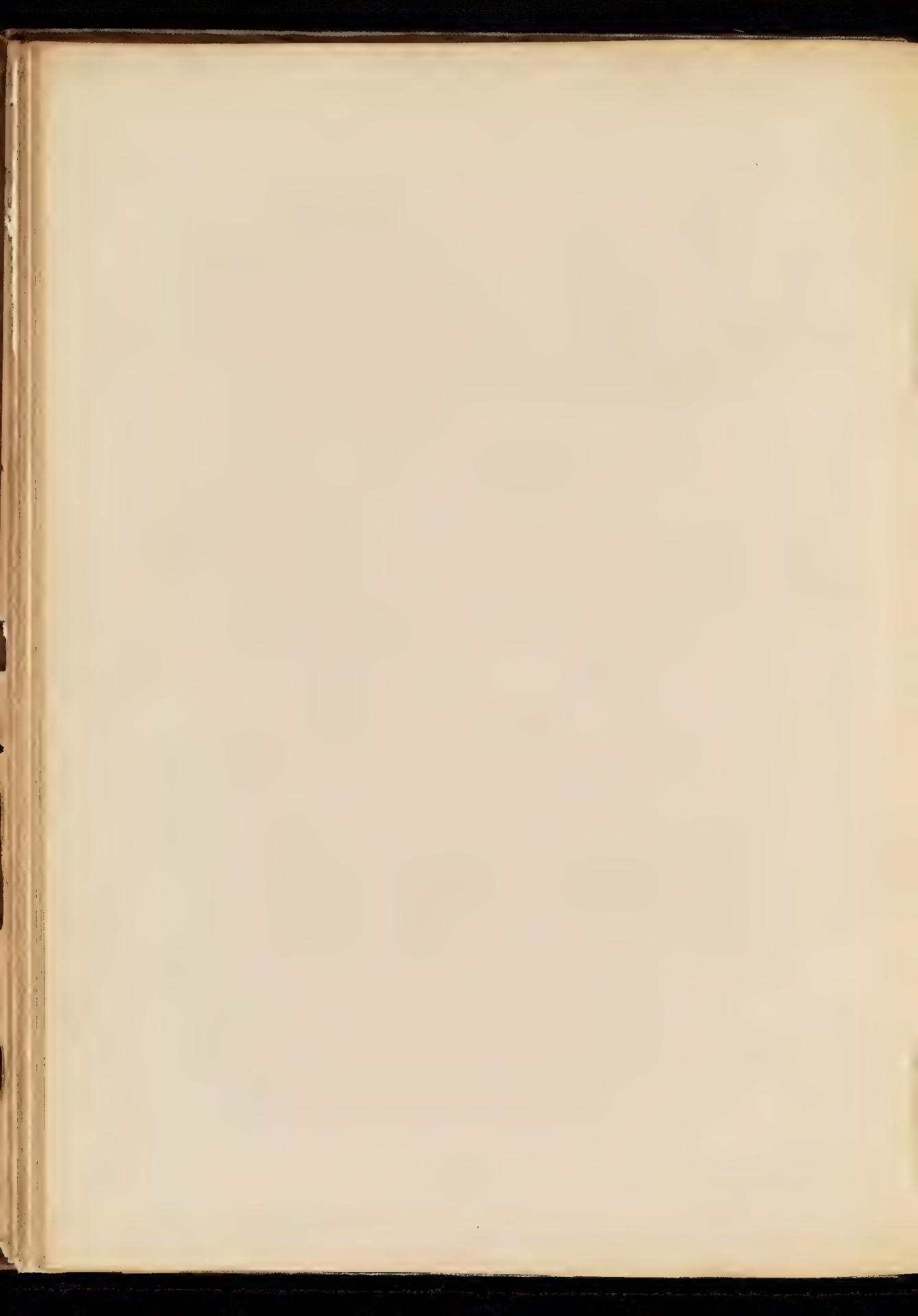


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Saturday morn,
Lissance





April 30 | 77



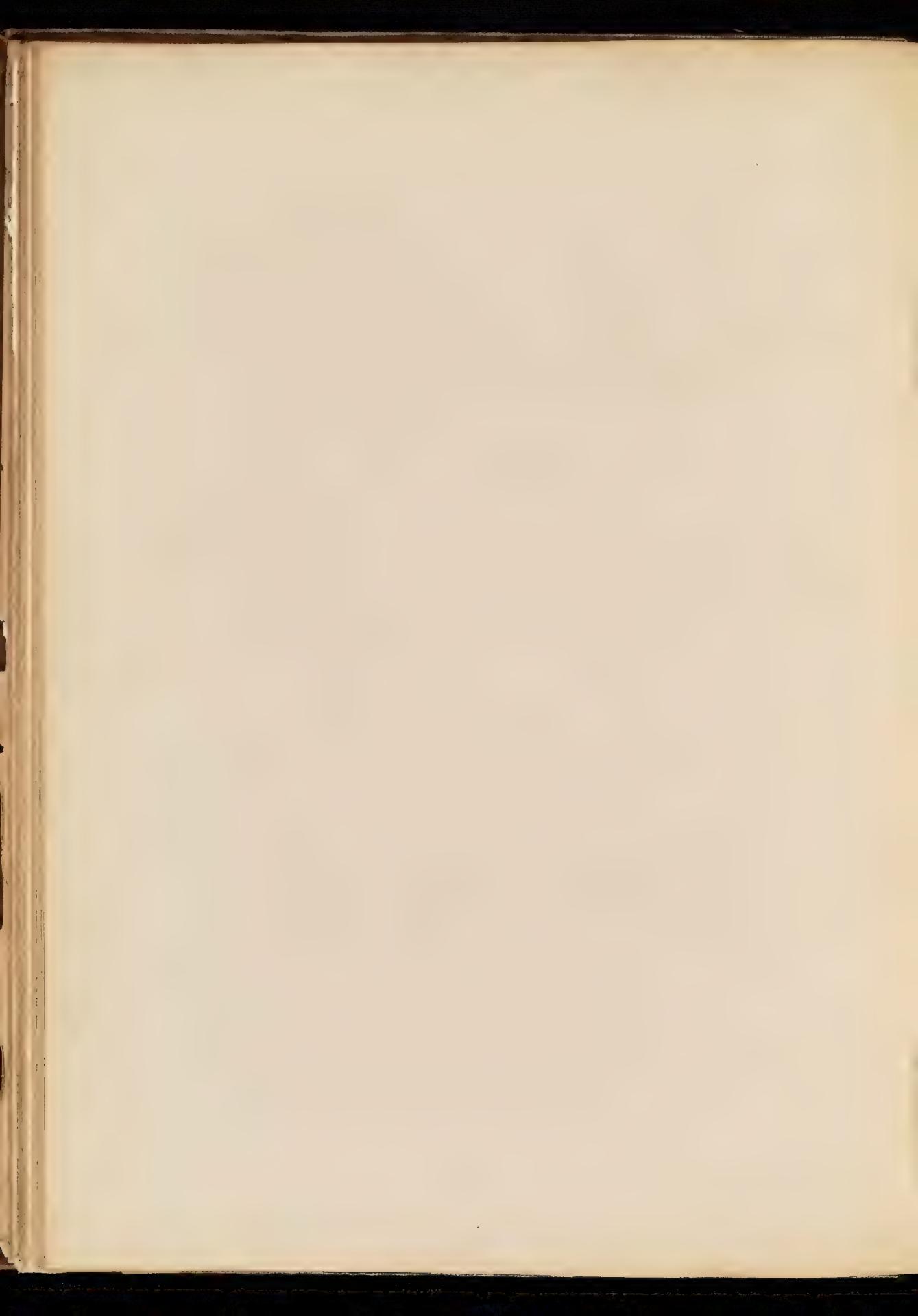
Feb 12, 71

For George Harvey A.R.S.A.



22.

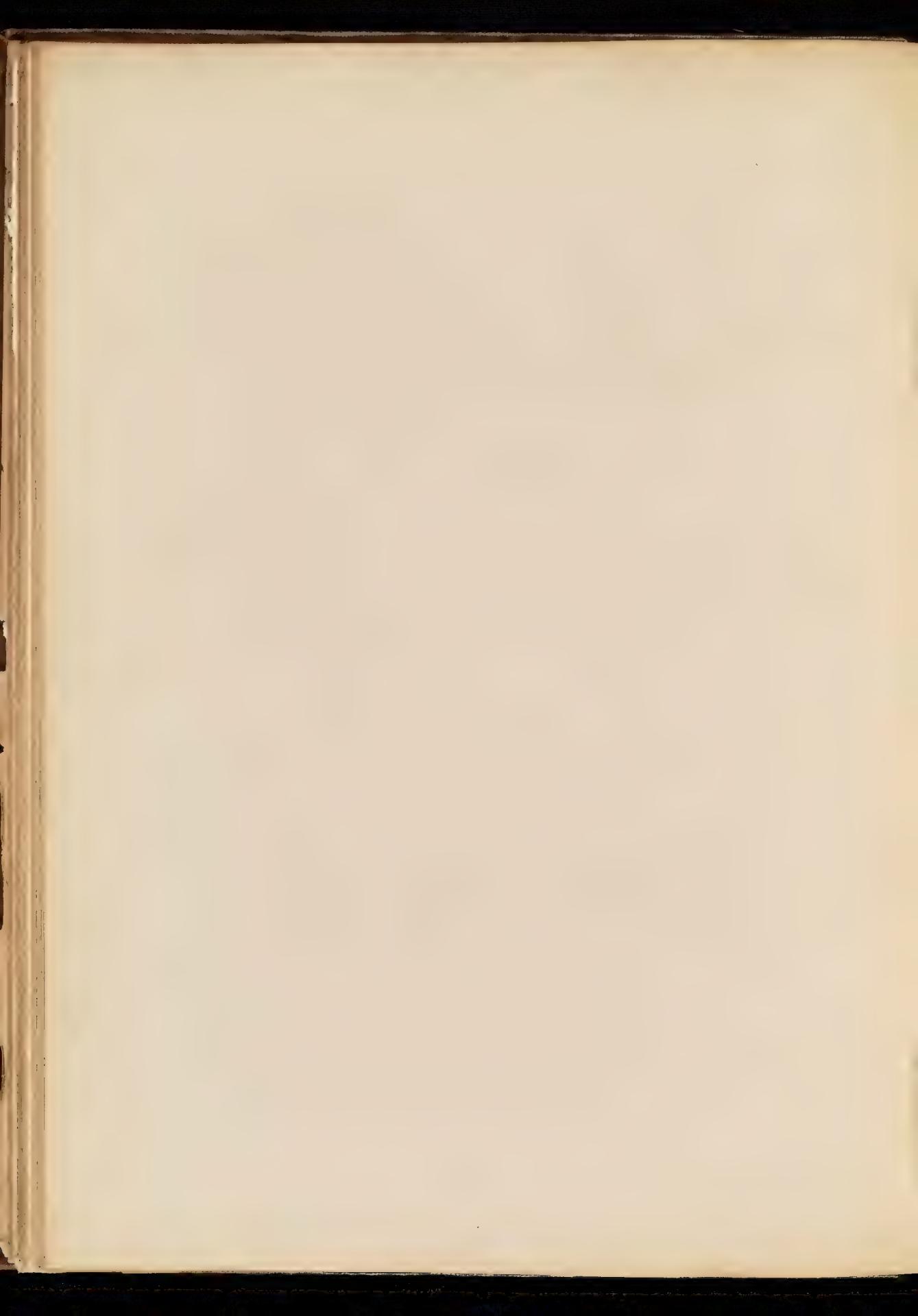






Dordrecht June 1773

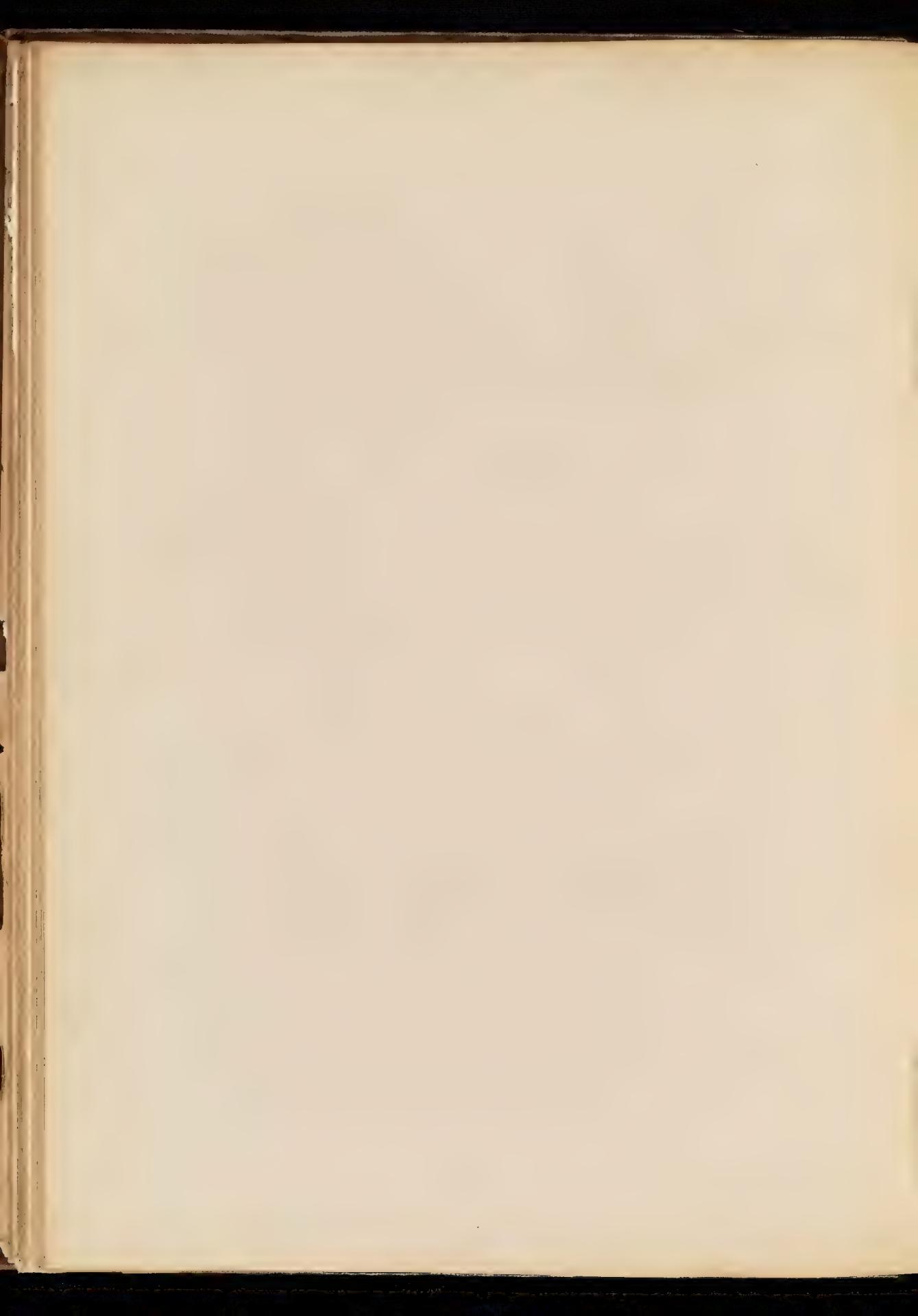






Le Cathédral





The women of Bruges wear long black
mantles to their feet. At Antwerp also,
they have the cloak though not so common.
but you really ought to see the caps and
jewellery worn here it would astonish you.



Those on the left I saw

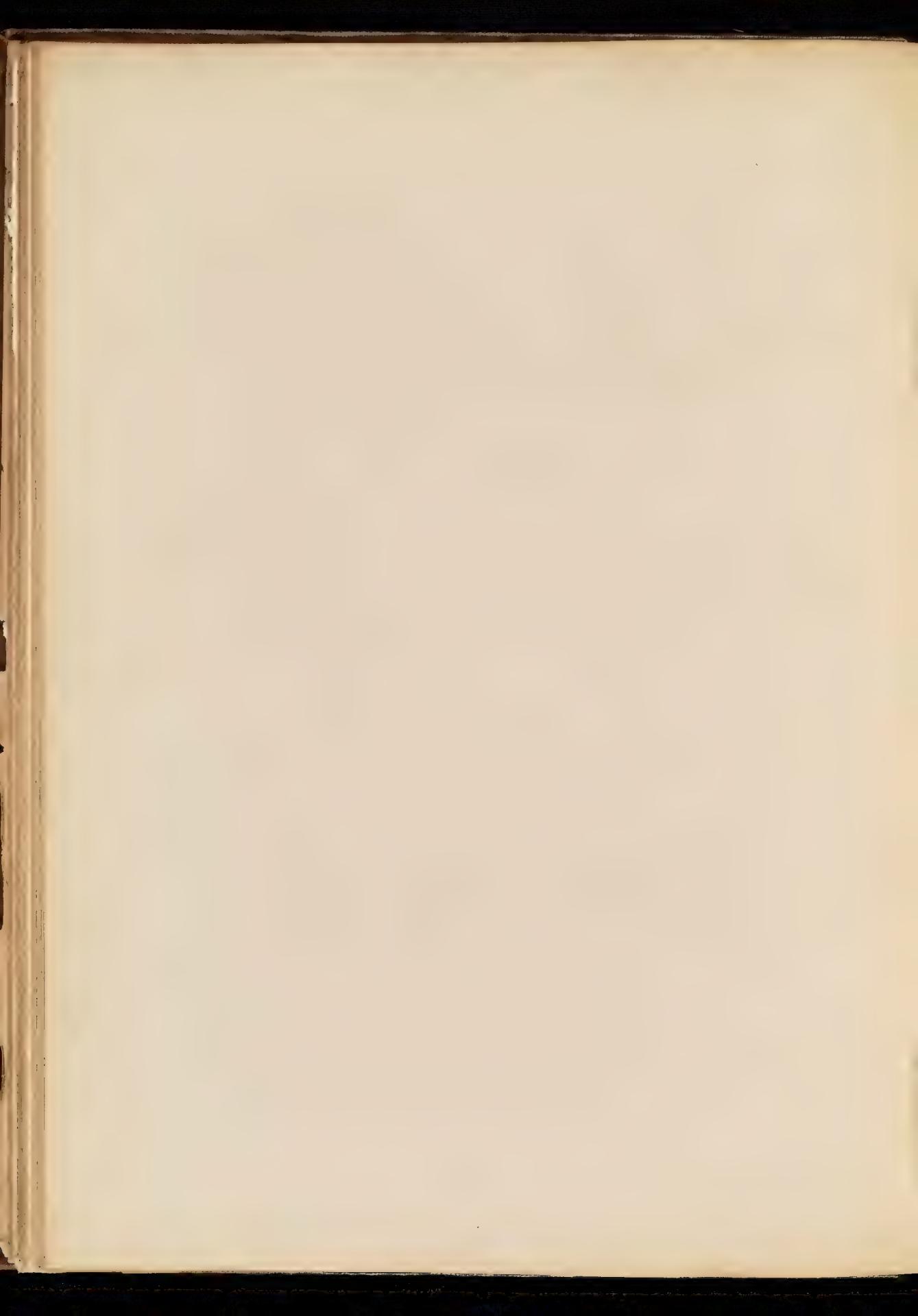
I've been making heads of
little girls - and over two
of fishermen.

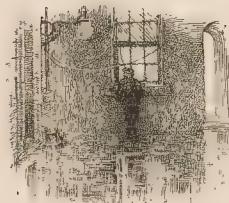


There are a few
good heads
among the latter.

They plough here
with six horses to a plough

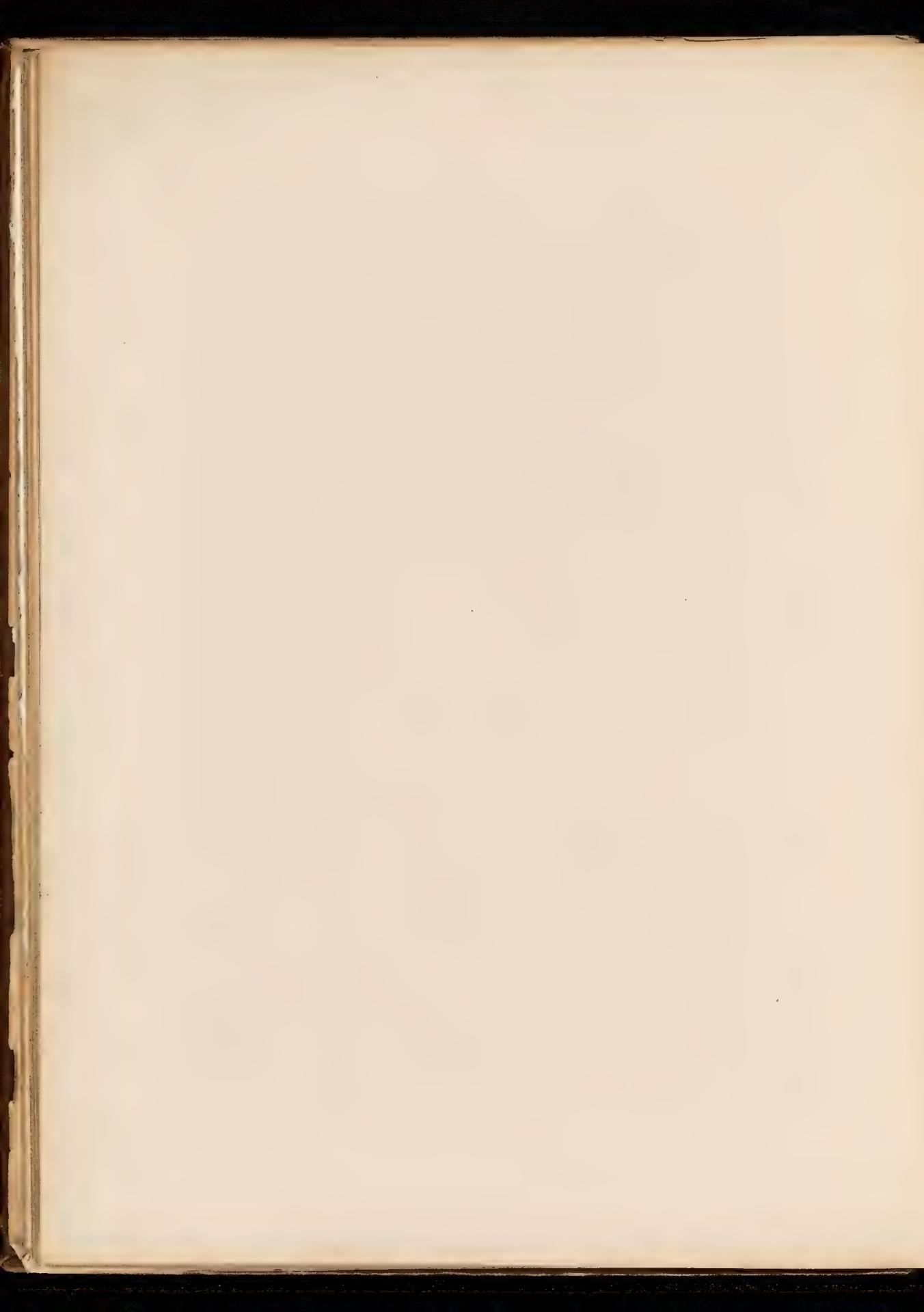
I see this couple out
of the window going
to the well. The
women mostly wear the
cloth bonnet common
in England, the men wear
the Guernsey jacket and bon-
net. Wooden shoes are common











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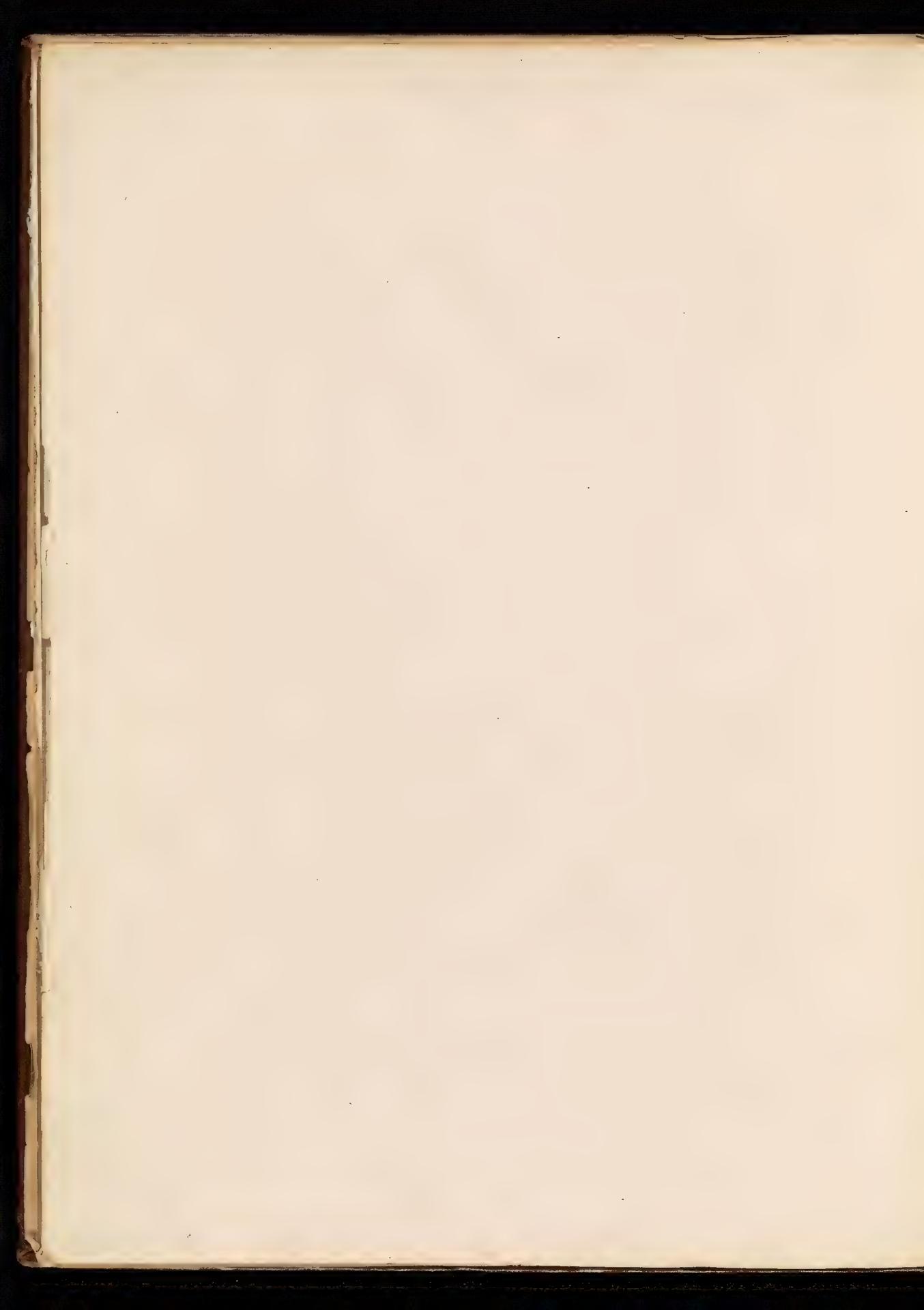
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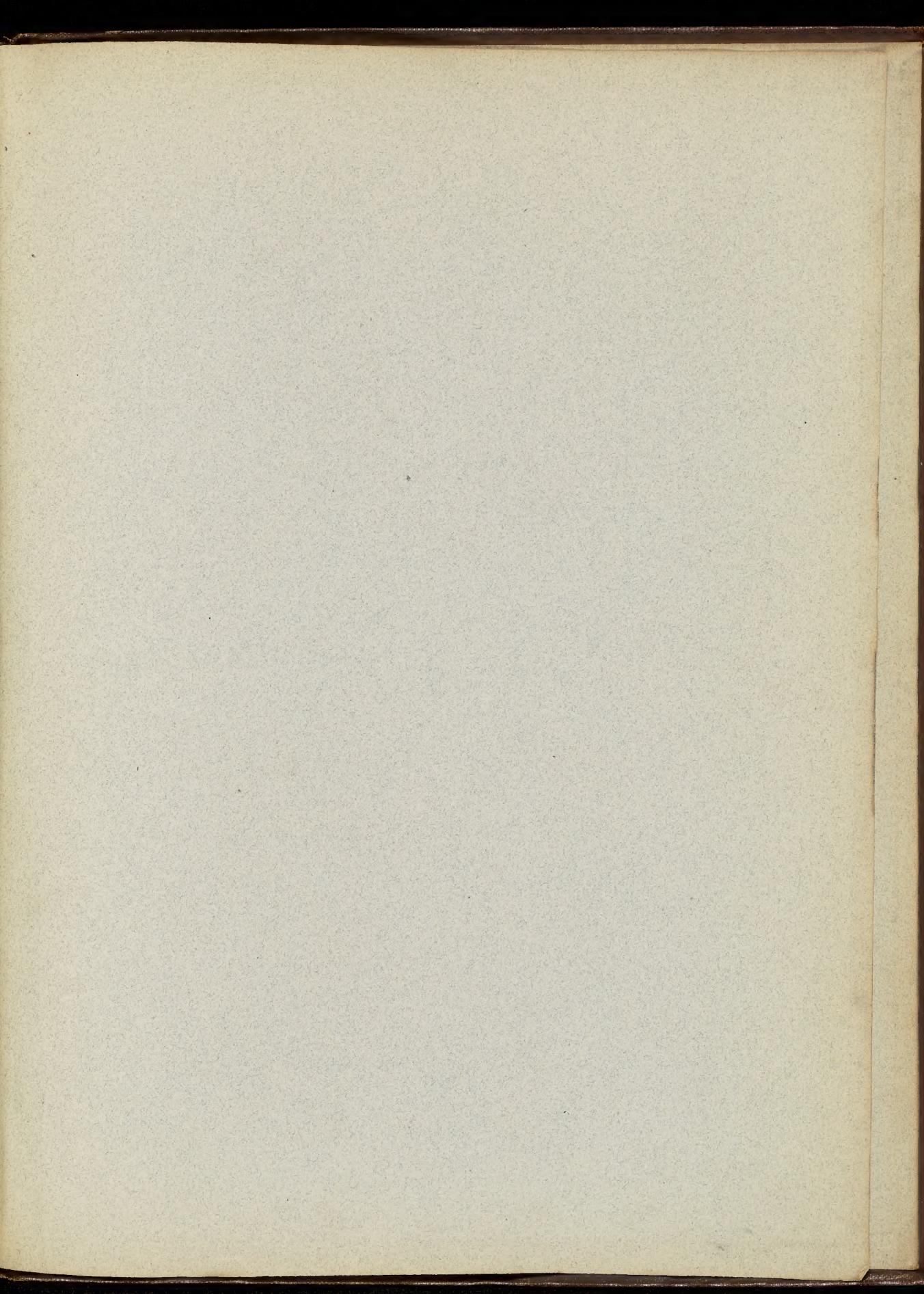
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